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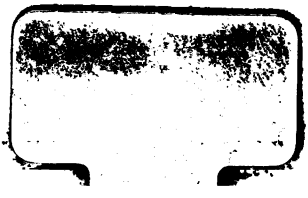

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THE

POETICAL

WORKS

OF

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq;

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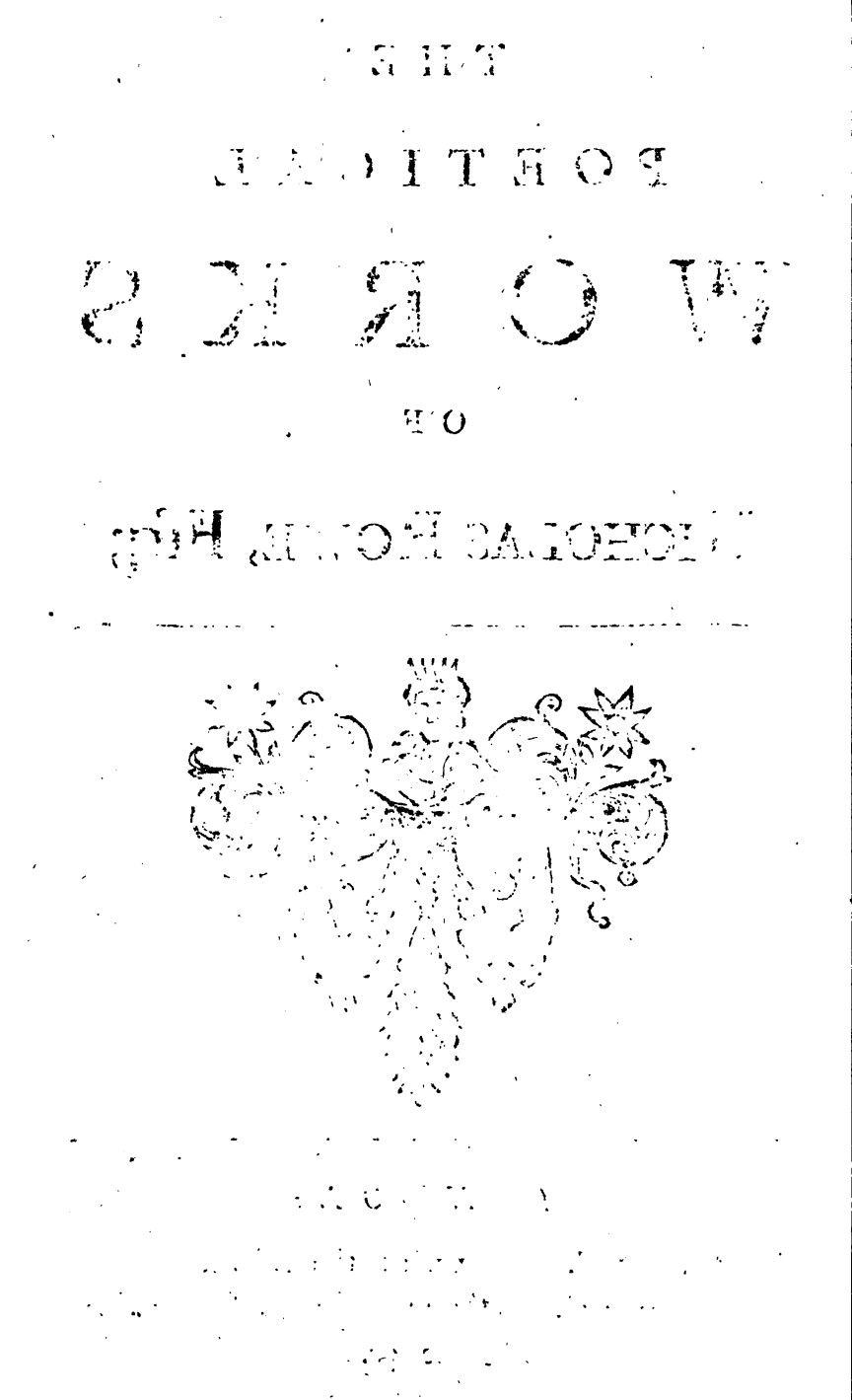

An EPISTLE to FLAVIA.

On the Sight of two Pindarick Odes on the *Spleen* and *Vanity*,

Written by a Lady her Friend.

FLAVIA, to you with Safety I commend
This Verſe, the ſecret Failing of your Friend.
To your good Nature I ſecurely truſt,
Who know, that to conceal, is to be juſt.
The Muſe, like wretched Maids by Love undone,
From Friends, Acquaintance, and the Light would (run,
Conſcious of Folly, fears attending Shame,
Fears the cenſorious World, and Loſs of Fame.
Some Confidant by Chance ſhe finds, (tho' few
Pity the Fools, whom Love or Verſe undo)
Whoſe fond Compaſſion ſooths her in the Sin,
And ſets her on to venture once again.

Sure, in the better Ages of old Time,
Nor Poetry nor Love was thought a Crime;
From Heav'n they both the Gods best Gifts were sent,
Divinely perfect both, and Innocent.
Then were bad Poets and loose Loves not known;
None felt a Warmth which they might blush to own.
Beneath cool Shades our happy Fathers lay,
And spent in pure untainted Joys the Day:
Artless their Loves, artless their Numbers were,
While Nature simply did in both appear,
Nor could the Censor or the Critick fear.
Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what Heav'n bestow'd,
Nor were too curious of the given Good.
At length, like *Indians* fond of fancy'd Toys,
We lost being happy, to be thought more wise.
In one curs'd Age, to punish Verse and Sin,
Criticks and Hang-men, both at once, came in.

Wit and the Laws had both the same ill Fate,
And partial Tyrants sway'd in either State.
Ill-natur'd Censure would be sure to damn
An Alien-wit of independent Fame;
While *Bays* grown old, and harden'd in Offence,
Was suffer'd to write on in spite of Sense;
Back'd by his Friends, th'Invader brought along
A Crew of foreign Words into our Tongue,
To ruin and enslave the free-born *English* Song;
Still the prevailing Faction prop't his Throne,
And to four Volumes let his Plays run on;
Then a lewd Tide of Verse, with vicious Rage,
Broke in upon the Morals of the Age.
The Stage (whose Art was once the Mind to move
To noble Daring, and to vertuous Love)
Precept with Pleasure mix'd, no more profest,
But dealt in double Meaning bawdy Jest:

The ſhocking ſounds offend the blushing Fair,
And drive 'em from the guilty Theatre.
Ye wretched Bards! from whom theſe Ills have ſprung,
Whom the avenging Powers have ſpar'd too long,
Well may you fear the Blow will ſurely come,
Your *Sodom* has no Ten t'avert its Doom;
Unleſs the fair ARDELIA will alone
To Heav'n for all the guilty Tribe atone;
Nor can *Ten Saints* do more than ſuch a *One*.
Since ſhe alone of the Poetick Crowd
To the falſe Gods of Wit has never bow'd,
The Empire, which ſhe ſaves, ſhall own her Sway,
And all *Parnaſſus* her bleſs'd Laws obey.

Say, from what ſacred Fountain, Nymph divine!
The Treaſures flow, which in thy Verſe do ſhine?
With what ſtrange Inſpiration art thou bleſt,
What more than *Delphick* Ardor warms thy Breaſt?

Our

Our ſordid Earth ne'er bred ſo bright a Flame,
But from the Skies, thy Kindred Skies it came.
To Numbers great like thine, th'Angelick Quire
In joyous Conſort tune the golden Lyre;
Viewing with pitying Eyes, our Cares with thee,
They wiſely own, that *All is Vanity*;
Ev'n all the Joys which mortal Minds can know,
And find ARDELIA's Verſe the leaſt vain Thing (below.
If PINDAR's Name to thoſe bleſs'd Manſions reach,
And Mortal Muſes may Immortal teach,
In Verſe like his, the heav'nly Nation raiſe
Their tuneful Voices to their Maker's Praiſe.
Nor ſhall celeſtial Harmony diſdain,
For once, to imitate an earthly Strain,
Whoſe Fame ſecure, no Rival e'er can fear,
But thoſe above, and fair ARDELIA here.
She who undaunted could his Raptures view,
And with bold Wings his ſacred Heights purſue;

Safe

Safe thro' the *Dithyrambick* Stream she steer'd,
Nor the rough Deep in all its Dangers fear'd:
Not so the rest, who with successless Pain
Th'unnavigable Torrent try'd in vain.

So CLELIA leap'd into the rapid Flood,
While the *Etruscans* struck with Wonder stood;
Amidst the Waves her rash Persuers dy'd,
The matchless Dame could only stem the Tide,
And gain the Glory of the farther Side.

See with what Pomp the antick Masque comes in!
The various Forms of the fantastick *Spleen*.
Vain empty Laughter, howling Grief and Tears,
False Joy, bred by false Hope, and falser Fears;
Each Vice, each Passion which pale Nature wears,
In this odd monst'rous *Medley* mix'd appears.
Like *Bays*'s Dance, confus'dly round they run,
Statesman, *Coquet*, *gay Fop*, and *pensive Nun*,

Spectres

Spectres and *Heroes*, *Husbands* and their *Wives*,
With *Monkiſh Drones*, that dream away their Lives.
Long have I labour'd with the dire Diſeaſe,
Nor found, but from *Ardelia*'s Numbers, Eaſe:
The dancing Verſe runs thro' my ſluggiſh Veins,
Where dull and cold the frozen Blood remains.
Pale Cares and anxious Thoughts give way in haſte,
And to returning Joy reſign my Breaſt;
Then free from ev'ry Pain I did endure,
I bleſs the charming Author of my Cure.
So when to SAUL the great Muſician play'd,
The ſullen Fiend unwillingly obey'd,
And left the Monarch's Breaſt, to ſeek ſome ſafer (Shade.

HORACE, *Book* II. *Ode* IV. *Imitated.*

The Lord G-----, *to the Earl of* S-----.

I.

DO not, moſt fragrant Earl, diſclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable Flame,
To *Br——g——k* the Brown;
But publickly eſpouſe the Dame,
And ſay, G—— d—— the Town.

II.

Full many Heroes, fierce and keen,
With Drabs have deeply ſmitten been;
Although right good Commanders;
Some who with you have *Hounſlow* ſeen,
And ſome who've been in *Flanders.*

III.

III.

Did not baſe *Greber*'s.* PEG inflame
The ſober Earl of *N——m*?
Of ſober Sire deſcended,
That careleſs of his Soul and Fame,
To Play-houſes he nightly came,
And left Church undefended.

IV.

The Monarch who of *France* is Hight,
Who rules the Roaſt with matchleſs Might,
Since WILLIAM went to Heaven;
Loves MAINTENON, his Lady bright,
Who was but SCARRON's Leaving.

V.

Tho' thy dear Father kept an Inn
At griſly Head of *Sarazen*,

* *Seigniora* Franceſca Marguarita de l'Epine, *an* Italian *Songſtreſs.*

For Carriers at *Northampton*;
Yet ſhe might come of gentler Kin,
Than e'er that Father dreamt on.

VI.

Of Proffers large her Choice had ſhe,
Of Jewels, Plate, and Land in Fee,
Which ſhe with Scorn rejected;
And can a Nymph ſo virtuous be
Of baſe-born Blood ſuſpected?

VII.

Her dimple Cheek, and roguiſh Eye,
Her ſlender Waſte, and taper Thigh,
I always thought provoking;
But, faith, tho' I talk waggiſhly,
I mean no more than Joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, Friend, for why?
My Lady Marchioneſs is nigh,

To

To ſee I ne'er ſhall hurt ye;
Beſides, you know full well, that I
Am turn'd of five and forty.

The RECONCILEMENT *between* JACOB TONSON *and Mr.* CONGREVE. *In Imitation of* HORACE, *Book* III. *Ode* IX.

Tonſon. WHILE at my Houſe in *Fleetſtreet* once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, Time paſs'd away?
While I partook your Wine, your Wit, and Mirth,
I was the happieſt Creature on * God's *Tearth.*

Congreve. While in your early Days of Reputation,
You for blue Garters had not ſuch a Paſſion;
While yet you did not uſe (as now your Trade is)
To drink with noble Lords, and toaſt their Ladies;

* Tonſon (*Sen.*) *his Dialect.*

Thou

Thou, JACOB TONSON, wert, to my conceiving,
The chearfullest, best, honest Fellow living.

Tonson. I'm in with Captain VANBRUGH at the present,
A most *sweet-natur'd* Gentleman, and pleasant;
He writes your Comedies, draws Schemes, and Models;
And builds Dukes Houses upon very odd Hills:
For him, so much I doat on him, that I,
If I was sure to go to Heav'n, would die.

Congr. TEMPLE and DALAVAL are now my Party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quam Marte*;
And tho' for them I shall scarce go to Heaven,
Yet I can drink with them six Nights in seven.

Tonson. What if from VAN's dear Arms I should retire,
And once more warm my * *Bunnians* at your Fire;
If I to *Bowstreet* should invite you home,
And set a Bed up in my Dining-Room,
Tell me, dear CONGREVE, would you come?

* Jacob's *Term for his Corns.*

Congr.

Congr. Tho' the gay Sailor, and the gentle Knight,
Were ten times more my Joy and Heart's Delight;
Tho' civil Perſons they, you ruder were,
And had more Humours than a Dancing-Bear;
Yet for your Sake I'd bid 'em both adieu,
And live and die, dear Cob, with only you.

HORACE, *Book* III. *Ode* XXI. *Imitated.*

I.

HAIL, gentle Cask, whoſe venerable Head
With hoary Down and antient Duſt o'er-(ſpread,
Proclaim, that ſince the Vine firſt brought thee forth
Old Age has added to thy Worth,
Whether the ſprightly Juice thou doſt contain,
Thy Vot'ries will to Wit and Love,
Or ſenſeleſs Noiſe and Lewdneſs move,
Or Sleep, the Cure of theſe and ev'ry other Pain.

II.

Since to ſome Day propitious and great,
Juſtly at firſt thou waſt deſign'd by Fate;
This Day, the happieſt of thy many Years,
With thee I will forget my Cares:
To my CORVINUS' Health thou ſhalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to Day,
And longer Age would bring Decay)
Till ev'ry anxious Thought in the rich Stream be (drown'd.

III.

To thee, my Friend, his Roughneſs ſhall ſubmit,
And SOCRATES himſelf a while forget.
Thus when old CATO would ſometimes unbend
The rugged Stiffneſs of his Mind,
Stern and ſevere, the Stoick quaff'd his Bowl,
His frozen Vertue felt the Charm,
And ſoon grew pleas'd, and ſoon grew warm,
And bleſs'd the ſprightly Pow'r that chear'd his (gloomy Soul.

IV.

With kind Conſtraint ill Nature thou doſt bend,
And mould the ſnarling Cynick to a Friend.
The Sage, reſerv'd, and fam'd for Gravity,
Finds all he knows, ſumm'd up in thee,
And by thy Pow'r unlock'd, grows eaſy, gay, and (free.
The Swain, who did ſome cred'lous Nymph per- (ſwade
To grant him all, inſpir'd by thee,
Devotes her to his Vanity,
And to his Fellow-Fops toaſts the abandon'd Maid.

V.

The Wretch who preſs'd beneath a Load of Cares,
And lab'ring with continual Woes, deſpairs,
If thy kind Warmth does his chill'd Senſe invade,
From Earth he rears his drooping Head,
Reviv'd by thee, he ceaſes now to mourn;
His flying Cares give way to Haſte,

And to the God resign his Breast,
Where Hopes of better Days, and better Things re-
(turn.

VI.

The lab'ring Hind, who with hard Toil and Pains,
Amidst his Wants, a wretched Life maintains;
If thy rich Juice his homely Supper crown,
Hot with thy Fires, and bolder grown,
Of Kings, and of their arbitrary Pow'r,
And how by impious Arms they reign,
Fiercely he talks with rude Disdain,
And vows to be a Slave, to be a Wretch no more.

VII.

Fair Queen of Love, and thou great God of Wine,
Hear ev'ry Grace, and all ye Pow'rs divine,
All that to Mirth and Friendship do incline,
Crown this auspicious Cask, and happy Night,
With all things that can give Delight;

Be ev'ry Care and anxious Thought away;
Ye Tapers ſtill be Bright and Clear,
Rival the Moon, and each pale Star;
Your Beams ſhall yield to none, but his who brings (the Day.

HORACE, *Book* IV. *Ode* I. *Imitated.*

ONCE more the Queen of Love invades my Breaſt,
Late with long Eaſe, and peaceful Pleaſures (bleſt:
Spare, ſpare the Wretch, that ſtill has been thy Slave,
And let my former Service have
The Merit to protect me to the Grave.
Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
When under CYNARA, good and fair,
With Joy I did thy Fetters wear,
Bleſs'd in the gentle Sway of an indulgent Queen.

II.

Stiff and unequal to the Labour now,
With Pain my Neck beneath thy Yoke I bow.
Why doſt thou urge me ſtill to bear? Oh! why
Doſt thou not much rather fly
To youthful Breaſts, to Mirth and Gaiety?
Go, bid thy Swans their gloſſy Wings expand,
And ſwiftly thro' the yielding Air
To SYLVIA thee their Goddeſs bear,
Worthy to be thy Slave, and fit for thy Command.

III.

Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
Joy in his Heart, Love on his charming Tongue,
Skill'd in a thouſand ſoft prevailing Arts,
With wond'rous Force the Youth imparts
Thy Pow'r to unexperienc'd Virgins Hearts.
Far ſhall he ſtretch the Bounds of thy Command;
And if thou ſhalt his Wiſhes bleſs

Beyond

Beyond his Rival with Succeſs,
In Gold and Marble ſhall thy Statues ſtand.

IV.

Beneath the ſacred Shade of *Odal*'s Wood,
Or on the Banks of *Ouſe*'s gentle Flood,
With od'rous Beams a Temple he ſhall raiſe,
For ever ſacred to thy Praiſe,
Till the fair Stream, and Wood, and Love it ſelf (decays.
There while rich Incenſe on thy Altar burns,
Thy Votaries, the Nymphs and Swains,
In melting ſoft harmonious Strains,
Mix'd with the ſofter Flutes, ſhall tell their Flames (by Turns.

V.

As Love and Beauty with the Light are born,
So with the Day thy Honours ſhall return;
Some lovely Youth, pair'd with a bluſhing Maid,
A Troop of either Sex ſhall lead,
And twice the *Salian* Meaſures round thy Altar (tread.

Thus

Thus with an equal Empire o'er the Light,
The Queen of Love, and God of Wit,
Together riſe, together ſit;
But Goddeſs, do thou ſtay, and bleſs alone the Night.

VI.

There may'ſt thou reign, while I forget to love:
No more falſe Beauty ſhall my Paſſion move;
Nor ſhall my fond believing Heart be led,
By mutual Vows and Oaths betray'd,
To hope for Truth from the proteſting Maid.
With Love the ſprightly Joys of Wine are fled;
The Roſes too ſhall wither now,
That us'd to ſhade and crown my Brow,
And round my chearful Temples fragrant Odours (ſhed.

VII.

But tell me, CYNTHIA, ſay, bewitching Fair,
What mean theſe Sighs? Why ſteals this falling (Tear?

And when my ſtrugling Thoughts for Paſſage (ſtrove,
Why did my Tongue refuſe to move?
Tell me, can this be any thing but Love?
Still with the Night my Dreams my Griefs renew,
Still ſhe is preſent to my Eyes,
And ſtill in vain, I as ſhe flies,
O'er Woods, and Plains, and Seas, the ſcornful Maid (perſue:

HORACE, *Book* I. *Epiſt.* IV. *Imitated.*

Inſcrib'd to R. THORNHILL, *Eſq;*

THORNHILL, whom doubly to my Heart
The Critick's Art, and Candor of a Friend, (commend
Say what thou doſt in thy Retirement find
Worthy the Labours of thy active Mind;
Whether the Tragick Muſe inſpires thy Thought
To emulate what moving OTWAY wrote;

Or whether to the Covert of ſome Grove
Thou and thy Thoughts do from the World remove,
Where to thy ſelf thou all thoſe Rules doſt ſhow,
That good Men ought to practiſe, or wiſe know.
For ſure thy Maſs of Man is no dull Clay,
But well inform'd with the Celeſtial Ray.
The bounteous Gods, to thee compleatly kind,
In a fair Frame inclos'd thy fairer Mind:
And tho' they did profuſely Wealth beſtow,
They gave Thee the true Uſe of Wealth to know.
Could ev'n the Nurſe wiſh for her darling Boy
A Happineſs which thou doſt not enjoy,
What can her fond Ambition ask beyond
A Soul by Wiſdom's nobleſt Precepts crown'd?
To this, fair Speech, and happy Utterance join'd,
T' unlock the ſecret Treaſures of the Mind,
And make the Bleſſing common to Mankind.

On

On these let Health and Reputation wait,
The Favour of the Virtuous and the Great.
A Table chearfully and cleanly spread,
Stranger alike to Riot and to Need:
Such an Estate as no Extremes may know;
A free and just Disdain for all things else below.
Amidst uncertain Hopes, and anxious Cares,
Tumultuous Strife, and miserable Fears,
Prepare for all Events thy constant Breast,
And let each Day be to thee as thy last.
That Morning's Dawn will with new Pleasure rise,
Whose Light shall unexpected bless thy Eyes.
Me, when to Town in Winter you repair,
Batt'ning in Ease you'll find sleek, fresh, and fair:
Me, who have learn'd from EPICURUS Lore,
To snatch the Blessings of the flying Hour,
Whom every *Friday* at the *Vine* you'll find
His true Disciple, and your faithful Friend.

The Game at Flats. A SONG.

WHile SAPPHO with harmonious Airs
Her dear PHILENIS charms,
With equal Joy the Nymph appears
Dissolving in her Arms.

Thus to themselves alone they are
What all Mankind can give;
Alternately the happy Pair
All grant, and All receive.

Like the Twin-Stars, so fam'd for Friends,
Who set by Turns, and rise;
When one to THETIS Lap descends,
His Brother mounts the Skies.

With happier Fate, and kinder Care,
These Nymphs by Turns do reign,
While still the falling does prepare
The rising, to sustain.

The Joys of either Sex in Love
In each of them we read,
Successive each, to each does prove,
Fierce Youth and yielding Maid.

EPIGRAM, *on the* UNION.

WHile rich in brightest Red, the blushing (Rose
Her freshest op'ning Beauties did disclose;
Her, the rough *Thistle*, from a neighb'ring Field,
With fond Desires and Lover's Eyes beheld:

Streight the fierce Plant lays by his pointed Darts,
And woes the gentle Flow'r with ſofter Arts.
Kindly ſhe heard, and did his Flame approve,
And own'd the Warrior worthy of her Love.
FLORA, whoſe happy Laws the Seaſons guide,
Who does in Fields and painted Meads preſide,
And crowns the Gardens with their flow'ry Pride,
With Pleaſure ſaw the wiſhing Pair combine,
To favour what their Goddeſs did deſign,
And bid 'em in eternal UNION join.
Henceforth, ſhe ſaid, in each returning Year,
One Stem the *Thiſtle* and the *Roſe* ſhall bear:
The *Thiſtle*'s laſting Grace, Thou, O my *Roſe!* ſhalt be,
The warlike *Thiſtle*'s Arms, a ſure Defence to Thee.

PRO-

PROLOGUE *to the* GAMESTER: *A Comedy. As it was acted at the New Theatre in* Lincolns-Inn Fields.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

IF humble Wives, that drag the Marriage Chain,
With curſed dogged Husbands may complain;
If turn'd at large to ſtarve, as we by you,
They may, at leaſt, for Alimony ſue.
Know, we reſolve to make the Caſe our own,
Between the Plaintiff Stage, and the Defendant (Town.
When firſt you took us from our Father's Houſe,
And lovingly our Intereſt did eſpouſe,
You kept us fine, careſs'd, and lodg'd us here,
And Honey-Moon held out above three Year.
At length (for Pleaſures known do ſeldom laſt)
Frequent Enjoyment pall'd your ſprightly Taſte;

And

And tho' at first you did not quite neglect,
We found your Love was dwindled to Respect;
Sometimes, indeed, as in your Way it fell,
You stopp'd, and call'd to see if we were well.
Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched Place you shun,
Like bad Wine, Business, Duels, or a Dun.
Have we for this increas'd *Apollo*'s Race?
Been often pregnant with your Wits Embrace?
And born you many chopping Babes of Grace?
Some ugly Toads we had, and that's the Curse,
They were so like you, that they far'd the worse;
For this to Night, we are not much in Pain,
Look on't, and if you like it, entertain:
If all the Midwife says of it, be true,
There are some Features too like some of you:
For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,
We mean to run away, and let the Parish take it.

EPI-

EPILOGUE *ſpoken by Mrs.* BARRY, *at the Theatre Royal in* Drury-Lane, *April the 7th, 1709. at her Playing in* Love for Love *with Mrs.* BRACEGIRDLE, *for the Benefit of Mr.* BETTERTON.

AS ſome brave *Knight*, who once with Spear (and Shield,
Had fought Renown in many a well-fought (Field;
But now no more with ſacred Fame inſpir'd,
Was to a Peaceful Hermitage retir'd:
There, if by Chance diſaſt'rous Tales he hears
Of Matrons Wrongs, and captive Virgins Tears,
He feels ſoft Pity urge his gen'rous Breaſt,
And vows once more to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd.
Buckl'd in *Mail*, he ſallies on the Plain,
And turns him to the Feats of Arms again.
So we, to former Leagues of Friendſhip true,
Have bid once more our peaceful Homes adieu,
To aid old THOMAS, and to pleaſure you.

Like

Like errant Damſels, boldly we engage,
Arm'd, as you ſee, for the defenceleſs Stage.
Time was, when this good Man no Help did lack,
And ſcorn'd that any *She* ſhould hold his Back;
But now, ſo Age and Frailty have ordain'd,
By * two at once he's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd.
You ſee what failing Nature brings Man to;
And yet let none inſult, for ought we know,
She may not wear ſo well with ſome of you.
Tho' old, you find his Strength is not clean paſt,
But true as Steel, he's Mettle to the laſt.
If better he perform'd in Days of Yore,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r;
What can the youngeſt of you all do more?

---

* *Mrs.* Barry *and Mrs.* Bracegirdle *claſp him round the Waſte.*

What

What he has been, tho' preſent Praiſe be dumb,
Shall haply be a Theme in Times to come,
As now we talk of ROSCIUS, and of *Rome*.
Had you with-held your Favours on this Night,
Old SHAKESPEAR's Ghoſt had ris'n to do him Right.
With Indignation you had ſeen him frown
Upon a worthleſs, witleſs, taſtleſs Town;
Griev'd and repining, you had heard him ſay,
Why are the Muſes Labours caſt away?
Why did I only write what only he could play?
But ſince, like Friends to Wit, thus throng'd (meet, you
Go on, and make the gen'rous Work compleat;
Be true to Merit, and ſtill own his Cauſe,
Find ſomething for him more than bare Applauſe.
In juſt Remembrance of your Pleaſures paſt,
Be kind, and give him a Diſcharge at laſt.

In Peace, and Eaſe, Life's Remnant let him wear,
And hang his conſecrated Buskin * here.

* *Pointing to the Top of the Stage.*

COLIN's Complaint. A SONG.

To the Tune of, Grim King of the Ghoſts.

I.

DEſpairing beſide a clear Stream,
A Shepherd forſaken was laid;
And while a falſe Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow ſupported his Head.
The Wind that blew over the Plain,
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;
And the Brook, in return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

II.

II.

Alas, silly Swain that I was!
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
When first I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear Tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a Pleasure too great.
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was Nightingale ever so sweet?

III.

How foolish I was to believe
She cou'd dote on so lowly a Clown,
Or that her fond Heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine Folk of the Town?
To think that a Beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove,
Or go clad like our Maidens in Gray,
Or live in a Cottage on Love?

IV.

What tho' I have Skill to complain,
Tho' the Muſes my Temples have crown'd;
What tho' when they hear my ſoft Strain,
The Virgins ſit weeping around.
Ah, COLIN, thy Hopes are in vain,
Thy Pipe and thy Lawrel reſign;
Thy falſe one inclines to a Swain,
Whoſe Muſick is ſweeter than thine.

V.

And you, my Companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe Maid.
Tho' thro' the wide World I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be falſe, and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and Die.

VI.

If while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In her Breaſt any Pity is found,
Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
And ſee me laid low in the Ground.
The laſt humble Boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with *Cypreſs* and *Yew*;
And when ſhe looks down on my Grave,
Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

VII.

Then to her new Love let her go,
And deck her in Golden Array,
Be fineſt at ev'ry fine Show,
And frolick it, all the long Day;
While COLIN, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale Moon,
His Ghoſt ſhall glide over the Green.

EPI-

IV

EPIGRAM *on a Lady, who shed her Water, at seeing the Tragedy of* CATO.

WHilst maudlin *Whigs* deplore their CATO's Fate,
Still with dry Eyes the *Tory* CELIA sate;
But tho' her Pride forbad her Eyes to flow,
The gushing Waters found a Vent below.
Tho' secret, yet with copious Streams she mourns,
Like Twenty *River-Gods* with all their Urns.

Let others screw a hypocritick Face,
She shews her Grief in a sincerer Place!
Here Nature reigns, and Passion void of Art;
For this Road leads directly to the Heart.

To His EMINENCY

CARDINAL

Julius Mazarine,

PRINCE *of the Holy* ROMAN *Church.*

May it please Your EMINENCY,

I Have long conſulted with my ſelf, whether it became a prudent Man, to ſuffer a POEM of this NATURE to take Sanctuary under the Protection of Your *Sacred* NAME. The

Levity of the Subject, as it appear'd to ſome at firſt View, put no ſmall Diſcouragement on my Reſolution: Many were of Opinion, that, by laying before Your *Eminency* ſo light a Diſcourſe, I ſhould rather be guilty of an unpardonable Crime, than expreſs the Veneration I owe to one of ſo exalted a Character and Dignity. For who (ſaid thoſe cenſorious Gentlemen) can forbear Arraigning him of Vanity and Arrogance, who is ſo injurious to the Public Intereſt, as to take off the Mind of the Firſt Miniſter of the *GALLIC* Empire, from his more important Concerns, by the ſlight Diverſion of a ludicrous *CALLIPÆDIA?* But ſome Reaſons, however unacceptable to others, were ſo prevailing with me, as to remove all Scruple. This POEM, begun at *ROME*, in Your *Eminency's* Own Native Soil; carry'd on, and brought to Perfection at *PARIS*, in the ſpacious Theatre of Your Virtue and Glory, with

all

all Submiſſion and Chearfulneſs courted the Honour of Your Patronage. Thus the Divine *VIRGIL* inſcrib'd his *Georgics* (the Model and Idea of which I have indeavour'd to keep in View, tho' at a great Diſtance) to *CAIUS CILNIUS MECÆNAS*, Miniſter of the *Roman* Empire, and the Emperour *AUGUSTUS* himſelf; by which Means both the *Poet* and the *Patron* of the POEM, are jointly tranſmitted down to Poſterity with equal Honour and Immortal Reputation. I dare not, I confeſs, draw any Parallel between the *Callipædia* and the *Georgics*; for then I ſhould juſtly incur the Cenſure of an over-weening Preſumption, ſhould I offer to compare my Littleneſs to his lofty Performance.

-----Sic parvis componere magna puderet.

Yet without the leaſt Reflection, or Vanity, I dare be bold to affirm, that

the Subject, on which I write, is far Superiour to that of *VIRGIL*'s. For who, but one of a very partial or weak Judgment, would not bluſh to prefer a fruitful *Harveſt* to a plentiful *Family*: *Vines*, when join'd to *Elms*, to a *Bride* and *Bridegroom*, marry'd for the noble Purpoſes of procreating a *Beauteous Race*; the Keeping of a numerous Stock of *Cattle*, to the Care of *Man* himſelf, as he is forming in the Womb, coming into the World, and ripening into Perfection?

Neither have we omitted, no more than *VIRGIL* has done in his *Georgics*, to touch in the following POEM upon that Noble Science, ſo worthy an ingenuous Education, *Aſtronomy*; for there we relate, under what Star, a fair Offspring may be conceiv'd, in a Way not unaccurate, and, perhaps, not altogether diſagreeable and undiverting.

Here

Here give me Leave, *My* LORD, to add one Reaſon, which may ſeriouſly recommend This Work of mine, to the Peruſal of KINGS; and *GOVERNOURS* of *Kingdoms*. For ſince their Empire, and Adminiſtration of it, is not ſo immediately concern'd with the Care of *Corn* or *Cattle*, as in a more proper and peculiar Manner with *Men* themſelves; who will not readily grant, that theſe Precepts of ours, concerning *the Generation of a Beautiful Human Offspring*, are not conducive to the Strength and Glory of Kingdoms, and deſerving to be annex'd even to the *SALIC* Laws?

Accept therefore, *Moſt Eminent Cardinal*, this Genuine Progeny of my *Muſe*, which may lay ſome Title to Commendation, if not on Account of the Elegance of the Style, yet certainly for the Dignity of the Subject;

---*Et*

Et jam nunc vetis assuesce vocari.

It would indeed be necessary here, that I, who have undertaken to manage so nice and delicate an Argument, should have done it in a suitable and extraordinary Way, with the utmost Vigour of Spirit, and in a Style above the Relish of the Vulgar. But I must plead the Narrowness of too circumscrib'd a Genius. However, *My* LORD, You, I hope, will vouchsafe to supply the Place of *MECÆNAS* to me; and as You infinitely excell Him in the skilful Administration of Government, and the other Arts both of Peace and War; so is it agreeable to the Greatness of Your *Eminency's* Soul, not only to imitate, but overcome Him, in Affability, Gentleness, Condescension, and a profuse and undisguis'd Affection

fection for the Lovers of the Politer Learning. So live, and enjoy the Favour of all good Men, and continue Yours to,

My LORD,

Your Eminency's

Most Devoted,

Most Oblig'd and

Most Obedient Servant,

CL. QUILLET.

PREFACE.

I Hope we need not make any Apology for endeavouring to do Juſtice to ſo Uſeful and Beautiful a Poem, as the CALLIPÆDIA. The Subject is certainly very Noble, and of great Importance to Mankind; and the Poet has handled it in a way not at all offenſive to Decency and good Manners. He ſeems to have taken in all that was neceſſary to make his Work complete, and induſtriouſly declin'd running out too far upon ſo nice a Subject. His Precepts are plain and ſhort, as they ought to be, but his Illuſtrations are always full of Reaſon and Philoſophy, and turn'd with the peculiar Happineſs of ſound Judgment and fine Poetry. If he ever leans towards Indecency

in a deſcriptive Part, he firſt begs Pardon, or excuſes it by the neceſſary Relation it bore to his Scheme, which muſt have been deficient without that Deſcription. However, in the *Engliſh* the Terms of Art have ſo ſhadow'd theſe Parts, that they will be intelligible only to Phyſical Readers, who meet with the ſame in every Book of Anatomy they Read. As to his Philoſophy, He has given us the beſt of the Age he flouriſh'd in, tho' later Improvements diſcover his Miſtakes in ſome Inſtances: This we did not think fit to alter, intending only to ſhow (as well as we could) his Beauties, not to correct his Faults.

The Preſent pretends not to the Name of a literal or cloſe Tranſlation, but gives the Author's meaning with a freedom of Verſe, that was neceſſary to make it agreeable to the *Engliſh* Reader. The many Patterns of this way of Tranſlating, is ſufficient to recommend it; and the Succeſs of which has juſtified their Judgment who departed from the old ſcrupulous Conformity to their Author. And indeed it is a wonder

der that this Method was not sooner follow'd, since it has the Authority of *Quintilian*, who lays down the following words as a general Rule for Translation, *Neque* Paraphrasin *esse interpretationem tantum volo, sed circa eosdem sensus certamen atque æmulationem.* And it is Mr. COWLEY's Opinion, *That Translators should add by their own Wit and Invention, not deserting the Subject*; he thus proceeds, *The not observing of this, is the Cause that all Translations that I ever yet saw, are so much inferior to their Originals. The like happens too in Pictures, from the same Root of exact Imitation, which being a vile and unworthy kind of Servitude, is uncapable of producing any thing good or noble.* However we could not at the same time take the Liberty of altering any of the Characters, either of Panegyric, or Satire, that *Quillet* has made upon particular Persons and Nations. The Reader is only desir'd to observe on this Point, that the Verses between the Black Lines in the First and Fourth Book, which reflect on Cardinal *Mazarine*, were left out of the *Paris* Edition: And

that the Character he gives of our own Nation was in the time of the Civil War; which makes that ſevere Cenſure agree very well with thoſe Days of Villany and Confuſion.

CON-

CONTENTS.

Monſieur BAYLE's Account of the AUTHOR.
Dedication to Cardinal MAZARINE.
The Conduct of the CALLIPEDIA.

CALLIPÆDIA. BOOK I.

Made *Engliſh* by N. ROWE, Eſq;

THE Propoſition. Pag. 1.
Invocation to the Graces *and* Venus. 2
Variety of Beauties. 5
——*Choice in Beauty depends on Fancy.* 6
——*Diſtinction of Beauties according to particular Countries.* 7
Golden Age, *deſcrib'd.* 8
Story of Pandora. 11
——*Decay of Beauty.* 16
——*Deſcription of the Morning.* Ibid.
——*Effects of* Pandora's *Curioſity.* 17
Invocation to Phœbus. 18
Deſcription of the Climates near the Æquator. 20
——*Of* France, *the Inhabitants deſcrib'd as the compleateſt Beauties,* 22
——*The* Females. 23
——*The* Males. 25
Deform'd and Diſtemper'd People not to Marry. 27
——*Diſeaſes Hereditary.* 28
——*A Simile, from a Farmer's Choice of his Grain.* 29
The Excellency of Human Soul and Body. 30
Invocation to the Nuptial Deities. 31
Perſons of different Age and Conſtitution, not to Marry. 32
——*A Simile, from the* Lybian *Sands.* 33
——*Conſequences of unequal Marriages.* Ibid.
——*Reflections on Women who Marry for Money.* 34
——*Ill Conſequences which attend them.* 36
——Princes *ſubject to the ſame.* 37
——*Reflections on Men who Marry for Portions.* 38
Deſcription of an Old Woman. Ibid.
——*Love ſhould determine our Choice.* 40
——*The Age proper for Marriage in Man and Woman.* 41
The Perſon of the King of France *deſcrib'd in his Youth.* 44
——*Reflections on* Royal Marriages *by Proxy.* 47
——*Courts prone to Wantonneſs.* 49
——*An Inſtance from* Jupiter. Ibid.
——*Apoſtrophe to the King of* France. Ibid.

BOOK II. Made *English* by Mr. *SEWELL*.

THE Marriage Feast describ'd. 4
—*Subject of the Bridal Song.* 5
—*Invocation to the Nuptial Deities.* 6
Too hasty an Enjoyment prejudicial. 8
—*Morning the most proper.* Ib.
—*Reasons why.* Ibid.
—*unseasonable Enjoyment discourag'd from the Instance of the Birth of* Vulcan. 10
Observations from the Signs and Planets necessary. 11
—*The Reasons.* 12
Invocation to Urania. Ibid.
The Influence of Saturn, Jove, *and* Mars, *join'd in* Leo. 15
—*Of the Stars in first producing the* French Disease. 16
—Jupiter *calls a Synod of the Gods.* 18
—Apollo's *Speech.* 19
—*Bad influence on Conceptions under* Aries. 20
—*Deformity of such Births describ'd.* Ibid.
—*The* Bull, *the* Eye, *and the* Pleiades *unlucky.* 21
—*Description of Birth under the* Bull. 22
—*Happy Influence of the* Twins. Ibid.
—*Bad Influence of* Cancer. 24
—*Of the* Lyon *restrain'd by* Apollo. 25
—*Joint Influence of* Spica *and* Astrea. 26
—Libra's *Aspect Propitious.* Ib.
—*Inauspicious Aspect of* Scorpio. 27
—*Divided Influence of* Chiron. Ibid.
—Goat *unhappy.* 28
—Hylas's *Rising Auspicious.* Ib.
—*Birth under* Pisces *deform'd.* 29
The Spring best for Conception. 30
Enjoyment forbid during the Menstrua. 33
—*An instance from the Sowing of Seed in watery Grounds.* Ibid.
—*Ill Effects of such Enjoyment.* 34
—*Too violent Motion hurtful.* 35
—*Description of the Womb.* 36
Precepts for the Procreation of Males. 39
—*Superiority of Man in Generation.* 40
—*What Diet proper for a* Male-Offspring. 41
—*The Moderate use of* Wine *commended to the* Married Pair. 42
—*Immoderate use of Wine condemn'd.* 43
—Origin *of the* Gout. Ibid.
—*Too frequent Repetition of Enjoyment forbid.* 44
—*Morning best for* Males. 45
—*Turning to the Right side after Enjoyment recommended.* 46
—*A Simile.* 47
The Modesty of the Author. Ib.

BOOK III. Made *English* by *S. COBB*, M. A.

THE Signs of Conception. 1
—*Cautions to be observ'd, to prevent Abortions, and misshapen Births.* 3
—*Illustrated by a Simile, drawn from a* Cherry-tree. 4

Directi-

CONTENTS.

Directions for the Imagination after Conception. 5
—*A Simile alluding to it.* 6
The Episode, *of* Chiron *and* Phillyra. Ibid.
—*Force of* Fancy. 8
—Chiron's *Formation and Birth describ'd.* 9
—Phillyra's *Complaint.* 10
—*Description of* Fancy. 12
—*Speech of* Fancy *to* Phillyra. 13
—*Character of* Chiron *the Centaur.* 14
Unpleasing Objects forbid. 18
The Poet's Praise of his Mistress. 19
Chariclæa's *Birth describ'd.* 21
The different Impressions of external Objects. 23
—*Causes of this deduc'd from the Principles of the* Epicurean Philosophy. 24
Praise of Gassendus. 25
Some Errors of the Pregnant, by which the Embryo *is distorted.* 28
Immoderate Dancing to be avoided. 31
Inactivity equally to be shun'd. 33
Description of the Grove of Elms *on the Banks of the* Sein. 34
Moderate Exercise useful. Ibid.
The Danger of too much riding in a Coach. 36
—*Of Frights in Public Places.* 37
Directions for the Pregnant, in Winter. 39
—*Piety recommended.* 40
—*Instructions for a* Midwife. 41
—*For a* Nurse. 43
Pernicious Effects of the Small-Pox and Measles. 44
Praise of Sammarthanus.
Apostrophe on the Corruption of the Age. 46
Prophecy of the Pyrenean Peace. 48

BOOK IV. Made *English* by Mr. *DIAPER* to pag. 53. line 3, the remainder by Mr. *COBB.*

OF Virtue. 3
Invocation to Minerva. 4
The Excellency of Man *in his first State, and Degeneracy since his Fall.* 5
—*Misery of his Birth.* 6
—*His Complaint, and Comparison of his Condition with that of Brutes.* 7
—*Defect of Human Reason.* 9
—*Man's Complaint answer'd.* 11
—*His Knowledge gradual.* 14
Mothers advis'd to Nurse their Children. 16
—*Ill Consequences of its Neglect.* Ibid.
—*An Instance from* Romulus. 17
Ill Qualities from Nature, corrected by Education. 18
—*An Instance from* Socrates. 19
The State of the Soul in an Infant, compar'd to the Rising of the Sun. 21
—*Notion of a God to be first taught Children.* 22
—*Knowledge of a God not Innate.* 23
—*An Instance from the* Indians. 24
—*What farther Improvements are necessary.* Ibid.
—*What Parts of Learning necessary.* 26
—History *recommended.* 27
—Romances *condemn'd.* 28
—Poetry *and* Morality *recommended.* 29
—*Dangerous Inconstancy of Youth.* 30
The Immortality of the Soul, and future Judgments, necessary to be taught Youth, and the Influence they have upon their Actions. 31

—*How*

CONTENTS

—*How Appearances lead us into Error.* 32
—*Difficulty of attaining Wisdom.* 33
God the Author of Motion in the Heavenly System. 35
—Atomists *condemn'd.* 36
—*Variety of the Creation.* Ibid.
Excellency of Man. 37
—*Passions depend on the various Motions of the Blood.* 40
—*Indisposition of the Organs of Sense affect the Mind.* 41
Matter incapable of Thought. 42
The Attributes of God. 43
—Soul, *while conscious of her own Perfections, cannot sink into Vice.* 44
—*Virtue the same in all Conditions.* 45
Man *not born for himself.* 46
—*Variety of Inclinations.* 47
The Virtues and Vices of Camps. 48
—Arms *and* Letters *recommended as Consistent.* Ibid.
—*Travelling recommended.* 50
Character of Rome. 51
Precis of Cardinal Mazarine. 52
—*His Vices.* 54
—*Of the* Italian *Genius at present.* 55
—Spanish *Genius.* 57
—French *Genius.* 60
—*Tyranny of their King, and slavish Disposition of the People.* 62
Double Character of Cardinal Mazarine. 63, 88, 89
Character of the French. 64
—*Of the* English. 66
—*Of the* Dutch. 68
—Germans, Danes, Polanders, *&c.* 72
Requisites for Travel. 73
Observations to be made from Travel. 74
A Simile from the Bees. Ibid.
Of Reading, and the choice of Authors. 75
Of Conversation. 76
Reflections on Noblemen in the Education of their Children. 77
—*On Parasites and Flatterers.* 78
Description of Calliope. 80
—*Her Speech, of* Womens *Capacity for Learning.* 81
Character of Queen Christina, *and the* Swedes. 84
Advice to the French *Ladies.* 89
—*Practices of Lewd Women condemn'd.* 86
The Poet's *Address to his absent Muse.* 87
Ambition of the Spaniards. 88
The Poet's *farewel to his* Muse. 89
Of the King of France's *sole Management of Affairs.* Ibid.
—*Simile from the* Sun. 90
Prophecy of the Pyrenean *Feast.* Ibid.
Of the King of France's *Encouragement of Learning.* 91
A Recital of the Calamities of War. 92
—*Happiness of* Peace. 93
—*Comparison from* Jupiter *after his overthrow of the Giants.* 94

An Epistle to Eudoxus, *suppos'd to be written about the Year* 1646.
A Panegyrical Elegy on the Death of Gassendus, *the celebrated Astronomer and Philosopher.*

Monsieur

Monſieur *BAYLE's* †

ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

CLAUDIUS QUILLET, a Native of *CHINON* in *Touraine*, was one of the mo celebrated Poets of the XVII Century. I have mention'd in another Place

† See, *BAYLE's* Dictionary, laſt *Dutch* Edition, Articles of GRANDIER and QUILLET.

Place (1), the Occaſion which oblig'd him to retire into *Italy*. I now add That being at *Rome*, and frequenting the Houſe of the *French* Ambaſſador, who was the Mareſchal *d'Eſtrees*, he was made Secretary to the Embaſſy (2). I don't know for what Reaſon he was angry with Cardinal *Mazarine*; but 'tis certain, that he ſpoke very Ill of his Eminency in a *POEM* which he publiſh'd in the Year 1655. The Cardinal receiv'd the Inſult with a great deal of Mildneſs, and was ſo eaſily ſatisfy'd with the Excuſes of the Author (3), that he promis'd him an Abby. The *POEM* I ſpeak of, contains ſome Things which Mr. *Baillet* (4) condemns very much. The Abbot *Quillet* writ ſome other Books (5), which have not been publiſh'd.

NOTES.

NOTES.

(1.) Monſieur *Bayle* in his Dictionary, under the Article of GRANDIER, (who was burnt as a Magician, for Poſſeſſing the *Urſuline* Nuns at *Loudun*) cites the following Paſſage out of the *Sorberiana*, *Pag.* 172. 'Monſieur *Quillet* challeng'd 'the Devil of thoſe Nuns, and made him Speechleſs, and that all the Devils-Craft was nonplus'd; That Mr. *Laubardemont* was offended at 'it, and iſſued out a Warrant againſt *Quillet*; 'who, perceiving that this Mummery was carried on by Cardinal *Richlieu*, to intimidate the 'late King, (this is a wrong Expreſſion; it ſignifies *Henry* IV. but the Author means *Lewis* XIII.) 'who was naturally very fearful of the Devil, 'thought it was not ſafe for him to be at *Loudun*, 'or in *France*, and went into *Italy*.

Naude confirms what concerns the Diſgrace of this Challenger. Theſe are his Words: (*Dial. de Maſcurat*, *Pag.* 310.) '*Duncam* and *Quillet* having 'oppos'd the Impoſture of the Nuns of *Loudun*; 'the former was reprimanded for it, and ſeverely 'threaten'd by Cardinal *Richelieu*; and the latter 'was forc'd to go and ſerve the Marquis *de Cœuvre* 'at *Rome*.

(2.) 'This Place was contended for by Mr. *de* 'Lionne; but *Quillet* carried it, and *de Lionne* put

' himſelf into the Service of Cardinal *Mazerine*, ' for want of a better Employment, and at *Quil-* ' *let*'s Refuſal, who choſe the worſt, as the Event ' has verify'd it: For one dy'd without raiſing ' himſelf higher, and the other has been promoted ' to the chiefeſt Places in the State. *See*, Sorberiana, Pag. 137, *Dutch* Edition.

(3.) The CALLIPÆDIA (ſays the *Menagiana*), *Pag.* 130, 131.) of Mr. *Quillet*, diſguis'd ' under the Name of *Calvidius Letus*, is a very ' fine *Latin* Poem. Being ſomewhat Diſconten- ' ted he inſerted in it ſome Verſes againſt Car- ' dinal *Mazarine*, and his Family. He Printed ' that Book in *Holland*. The Cardinal being ' inform'd of it, ſent to ſpeak with Mr. *Quil-* ' *let*, and inſtead of ſhewing any Reſentment, he ' only complain'd very mildly of the little Re- ' gard he had ſhewn for him in that *Poem*. *You* ' *know*, added he, *that I have had an Eſteem for* ' *you a long time, and if I have done nothing for* ' *you, 'tis becauſe importunate People get all my Fa-* ' *vours; but I now promiſe you the firſt Abby that ſhall* ' *be Vacant*. Mr. *Quillet*, affected with the Car- ' dinal's Goodneſs, threw himſelf at his Feet, ask'd ' his Pardon, and promis'd to correct his *Poem* in ' ſuch a manner as would pleaſe him; praying, ' at the ſame time, that he might Dedicate it to ' him, which the Cardinal granted. Accordingly, he Printed the Second Edition corrected, in ' 8°.

'8°. at *Paris*, 1656. and Dedicated it to the 'Cardinal, who a little while before had given 'him a conſiderable Abby; but Death prevented 'his enjoying it long. The firſt Edition which 'is the moſt Scarce, was Printed at *Leyden*, 'in 4°. 1655. that of *Paris* is larger.

(4.) 'This Abbot (ſays Mr. *Baillet*, *Jug. de Poet. Tom.* 5. *Pag.* 61, 62.) being deſirous to teach 'the Art of Getting fine Children, has endeavour'd to reduce all the Precepts of his New 'Art into Four Books in *Latin* Verſe, Intitul'd, CALLIPÆDIA. Tho' he does not tell 'the Public from whence he had ſo many Rarities, yet it appears, that for an Abbot he knew 'more of the Matter than the moſt experienc'd 'Laymen, and that he was able to teach Nature 'it ſelf, (according to the *Menagiana* above-'mention'd, He was not an Abbot when he 'made that *Poem.*) 'Tis ſaid, that there are 'ſome Things in it finely touch'd; but that 'it contains ſome Deſcriptions concerning Gene-'ration, which are very infamous and unbe-'coming a Man who has any Senſe of Modeſty, 'and that he ſeems thro' the whole Work to 'make a Pride of his reading of *Petronius*, 'and therefore the Praiſes which *Coſtar* beſtow'd 'on the CALLIPÆDIA, in a Letter to 'the Author, ('tis the 250th Letter of *Coſtar*'s, *Tom.* 2. *Pag.* 598, 599.) muſt be look'd upon 'as meer Compliments of Civility.

Since

Since the firſt Edition of my Dictionary, I have read the CALLIPÆDIA, printed at *Paris*, in the Year 1656. which Mr. *Bourdelot* was pleas'd to ſend me; the Title of it runs thus, *Cl. Quilleti Callipædia ſeu de pulchræ prolis habendæ ratione, Poema Didacticon. Cum uno & altero ejuſdem Authoris carmine:* (viz. *ad Eudoxum Epiſtola. et, in Obitum Petri Gaſſendi.)* The Preface mentions the Verſes that are added to the *Paris* Edition, which are more in Number than thoſe that were left out. 'Tis a very fine Piece as to the Verſification; the reading of *Lucretius* appears much more in it than that of *Petronius*. Thoſe who told Mr. *Baillet*, that the Author ſpeaks very freely of what concerns Generation, were not miſtaken; but it is not true, that this is unbecoming a Man who has any Senſe of Modeſty; for the Abbot *Quillet* ſays nothing but what is to be found in many Books of Phyſic written by grave Authors. I don't know whether he had any other Maſters; but I am ſure, that the Reading of the moſt ſerious Writers is ſufficient to teach one all the Precepts that he preſcribes. He is call'd *Abbas Dudavilleus* at the end of the Licence, and *Abbas, D. S.* in the Epiſtle Dedicatory.

(5.) The Abbot *de Marolles* having mention'd (in the Enumeration of thoſe who preſented him with Books) the CALLIPÆDIA, and ſome other *French* and *Latin* Verſes which *Quillet* had ſent to him, goes on thus, 'He had compos'd ano-

'another large Poem in *Latin*, Intitul'd, HENRICIAS, in Honour of King *Henry* IV. but 'I don't know whether that Work, and his Tranſlation of all the *Satires* of *Juvenal* into *French* Verſe, will ever appear in Print; ſince the Editions of the beſt Poems, written by the moſt 'excellent Poets, muſt be paid for now-a-days; 'and thoſe that have been Printed, which are 'very many even in *Latin*, are ſcarce read now. 'I ſhall forbear making an Enumeration of 'em; 'the Reader would be ſurpriz'd at it.

I believe the following Paſſage of *Coſtar*, is to be underſtood of the HENRICIAS.

'I am ſorry (ſays he, in his Letter to *Quillet* be'fore mention'd) you have taken from me the 'Words *Convoiter* (to covet) and *Convoitiſe* (Co'vetouſneſs or Deſire;) for I would make uſe of ''em very much to the Purpoſe, in order to expreſs 'the great Deſire I have to ſee the Continuation 'of your Divine *Latin* Poem, the Beginning of 'which you have been pleas'd to ſend me. If the 'remaining Part is like the Beginning, that Poem 'is as much beyond the fine CALLIPÆDIA, 'as the CALLIPÆDIA is beyond all the 'Works of that Nature which our Age has pro'duc'd. What a Pleaſure will it be for me, *Sir*, 'if you keep your Word, and bring me four 'Thouſand Verſes as fine as thoſe which I have 'juſt now read.

TO

CALLIPÆDIA:

OR,

The ART *of getting Beautiful* CHILDREN.

A

POEM.

IN

FOUR BOOKS.

Written in Latin

By *CLAUDIUS QUILLET.*

Made Engliſh

By *N. ROWE*, Eſq; *&c.*

To which is Prefix'd,

Mr. BAYLE's Account of the AUTHOR.

——Pulchrâ faciat te prole Parentem.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XV.

CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK the FIRST.

Made Engliſh by N. ROWE, *Eſq;*

The ARGUMENT.

The Propoſition. *An Invocation of the moſt Beautiful* Deities. *The* Poet *deduces the Cauſe of* Beauty, *according as it is eſteem'd in different Countries, by applying the Story of* Pandora *to his Purpoſe. He ſets down the Conditions of chuſing a fit* Pair *to procreate a Handſome Offſpring, and ends with the approaching Nuptials. He likewiſe by Way of Digreſſion inveighs againſt the Coveteuſneſs of the* Age, *which blindly ſeeks after a large* Portion *rather than an* Agreeable Temper *and* Conſtitution. *An* Apoſtrophe *to the preſent* King *of* France, *wherein he propoſes what kind of* Lady *he would wiſh him to chuſe for his* Royal Conſort, *who might bring him a Beautiful Race of Children.*

LONDON,

Printed in the Year MDCCXII.

ARGUMENT of the THIRD BOOK.

The Tokens of CONCEPTION. *Precepts to the* BRIDE, *when Breeding. The Power of* IMAGINATION. *The* Epiſode *of* CHIRON. *The* Centaur. *His* Formation *and* Birth *is deſcrib'd. The Cauſes of this deduc'd from the Principles of the* EPICUREAN Philoſophy. *Some Errors of the Pregnant, by which the* Embryo *is diſtorted. Deſcription of the Grove of* Elms *on the Banks of the* Sein. *The Danger of too much Riding in a Coach, Dancing,* &c. *The Peculiar Effect which the* Small Pox *has in ſpoiling a* Comly *Face.*

ARGUMENT of the FOURTH BOOK.

This BOOK (*which is much longer than the reſt*) *treats of* VIRTUE; *which is more Amiable when it proceeds from a* FAIR *Body. The Beauty both of the* MALE *and* FEMALE *Mind, which Springs from the Power of the* UNDERSTANDING *and* WILL. *The Difference of the* Italian *and* French GENIUS. *Re-*

Reflections on Noblemen, *who ſuffer their* SONS, *when they have ſcarce come from their* Tutors, *to mingle themſelves in all Companies without Diſtinction. Of* TRAVEL. *The whole concludes with a* Poetical *Prophecy of the* PYRENÆAN *Peace then juſt on Foot, from whence the* AUTHOR *promiſes Felicity to the* MUSES, *and a Right Uſe of his* CALLIPÆDIA.

CAL-

CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK I.

WHAT crowns the fruitful Marriage Bed with Joy,
What forms the Lovely Girl and Manly Boy,
What kindly Stars the juſter Features trace,
What happy Influence beſtows the Grace,
And breaths the Bloom Divine upon the beauteous Face;

But firſt my Muſe deſcribe the doubtful Fair,
Beauties Celeſtial Eſſence firſt declare,
The ſacred Subſtance of the Goddeſs tell,
And in what Forms ſhe moſt Delights to dwell:
What Honours on the Nobleſt Fronts are ſpread,
What Roſes paint the Cheeks with brighteſt red;
What Colours beſt become the flowing Hair,
What Locks moſt graceful wanton in the Air;
What Lips the ſweeteſt Breathe the fragrant Bliſs,
And ſwell the Softeſt to the melting Kiſs;
What Hands are faſhion'd in the fineſt Mold,
What circling Arms do beſt the Lover hold,
And preſs him with the cloſeſt, kindeſt Fold?

But oh! confus'd and dark the Queſtion lies,
Perplex'd the Cauſe, and Doubts on Doubts ariſe.

Each

Each as he loves his diff'ring Praiſe beſtows,
This Youth to ſnowy *Amaryllis* Bows,
While that to brown *Lycoris* pays his Vows.
Daphnis in *Flavia*'s yellow Ringlets bound,
Admires the Nymphs with golden Treſſes crown'd.
While *Thyrſis* doating on the Jetty black,
Starts at the burning Gold, and flys with Horror back.
Some Eyes all Hearts with lively grey ſubdue,
Some with the Languiſh of the lovely blue,
Some the Fond Rage with ſparkling black inſpire,
Quick ſhoot the Flames and kindle up the Fire.
Some Swains the ſlender Waſted Virgin prize,
And loath the bulky Fat's unweildy Size:
While ſome the thin, the ſhadowy Form deteſt,
And chooſe to preſs the plump luxuriant Breaſt,

On full Delights their Wishes to Employ,
Grasp the substantial Fair, and sate themselves with Joy.

Such are the various Springs our Passions move,
And such the many Heresies of Love;
Thus is the Mind by blind Desire betray'd,
Thus by fantastick Fancy are we sway'd,
We like, we love, then Deify the Maid.

Nor only Man to various Thoughts inclin'd,
Finds differing Beauties in the softer kind,
But ev'n his own majestick Form surveys,
As partial Nations differ in their Praise.
Mark how the swarthy *Æthiop* fond of Night
Disdains the Cheeks with blended Roses bright,
And paints the Fiends and Stygian Furies white.
How did the servile flattering *Est* Commend,
The Nose high rising with an Arched Bend;

When

When first that semblant Form was fam'd to grace
The Mighty *Median* Monarch's warlike Face,
Cyrus, whose Hand did *Asia*'s Scepter Sway,
And taught the wealthy *Græssus* to obey;
Wide o'er the *Lydian* Realm he stretch'd his Reign,
And bound the Royal Miser in his Chain.
Here might my Verse the fairest *Gaul* Recount,
Here Paint his flowing Curls and spacious Front.
Or here the Tawny *Spaniard* might I trace
His Looks obscure describe, his gloomy Grace,
And rusty Blood diffus'd upon his dusky Face.
Full of himself the Pigmy Form appears,
Swells to the Clouds and menaces the Stars;
Ev'n he, tho' by unhappy Lot he lies
Beneath unkindly Suns, and Western Skies,
Disdains the *German* manly made and strong,
And calls the fashion of his Arms too long;

Prunes his hard Viſage up, and with a Smile
Scorns the ſoft Bloom of *Britains* happy Iſle.

But ſay, my Muſe, whence things that ſeem ſo clear,
So doubtful to diſcording Man appear;
From happier Times of old deduce thy Verſe,
And how it firſt befell, in Order juſt reheaſe.

When firſt this Infant World its Form put on,
When Time and beauteous Order firſt begun,
And Rich with native Grace, the new Creation ſhone,
No wicked Iron Age, as yet control'd,
The Luſtre of the pure primæval Gold;
Around Heaven's azure Arch ſerenely bright,
Unſullied ſhone the ſparkling Gems of Light,

No

No Fogs did then, no lazy Vapors riſe,
Nor with their dull Pollution ſtain the Skies;
Thro' Heavens wide Plains the glorious God of Day,
Prince of the Stars, unclouded held his Way:
While in her turn the Silver Queen of Night,
Succeſſive roll'd her limpid Orb of Light.
The Mother Earth adorn'd by what ſhe bred,
With Rocks, Hills, Trees, with Fruits and Flowers was ſpread,
And every living Thing on her green Boſom fed.
The well digeſted Maſs untainted yet,
Did no Rank Steams nor pois'nous Damps emit,
But healthy Spirits breathing from the Ground,
Diffus'd their wholſome Fragrancies around.
'Twas then, in thoſe good Times for ever bleſt,
That happy Man his Innocence Poſſeſs'd:

When

When yet he had not learn'd in Reason's Spight,
Perverse to turn, and wander from the Right,
Forsaking Heaven reveal'd, and Nature's inborn
Light.
Then Holy Arts and Priestcraft were not known;
Religion then was simple, plain and one:
Lust had not kindled then her guilty Flame,
Ambition had not cheated Fools with Fame,
Nor vex'd the World with Honour's angry Name.
Nor was the Form of Man beneath his Soul,
But equal, proper Beauties grac'd the Whole.
Then *Temperance* just Goddess did prevail,
And rightly held creating Nature's Scale,
Dispos'd the sev'ral Parts with prudent Care,
And form'd with nicest Symmetry the Fair.
Then was the Reign of Beauty in Mankind,
Then Universal Empress, well she join'd
The Faultless Body and the Blameless Mind.

Soon

Soon as great *Jove* from high *Olympus* Brow,
Beheld the sacred Harmony below,
Add we one Master-piece of Art, he said,
Earth, Heaven, and all ye Gods afford your Aid,
Your each Perfection join, and form one lovely Maid.
He spoke, and strait obedient to his Word,
Each willing Species to the Work concurr'd,
The Crystal Orbs of *Æther* first prepare
The Limbs and Substance, for the future Fair,
While the Sun curl'd his Beams and hung 'em for her Hair.
Her Front like Marble smooth, like Lilies white,
Fair *Cynthia* Lustr'd o'er with Silver Light;
Upon her Cheeks *Aurora* Roses spread;
And dy'd 'em in the Morning's brightest Red;

Venus

Venus the ſweetly charming Smile impreſt,
And her ſoft Lips with balmy Pleaſures bleſt:
While Love the God himſelf o'er all the Maſs,
Dancing delightful ſhow'd his heavenly Face,
Led on the laughing Joys, and every Siſter grace.
Thus form'd, thus finiſh'd out the beauteous whole,
Creating *Jove* Infus'd the living Soul;
And ſince from every God the Graces came,
He bad *Pandora* be the Fair one's Name.
Then bending kindly down his Gracious Look,
Thus to the New-made Nymph th' Almighty Father ſpoke.

Daughter of Gods deſcend, thou Work divine,
Vouchſafe on Earth, celeſtial Fair, to ſhine,
Diffuſe the Bleſſings of thy Radiant Face,
And Chear the Labours of the Mortal Race:

For

For thus the Gods, thus *Jove*'s high Will ordains,
While Man his native Innocence Retains;
Be thou his Bliſs, his great Reward be thou,
Thy full Perfection, Heaven's fair Pattern ſhow,
And teach him by thy ſelf thy Native Skies to know.

But oh! if Pity touch thy tender Breaſt,
If for Mankind thy Care wou'd be expreſs'd,
Keep cloſe this fatal Casket I beſtow,
Nor ſeek the Secrets lodg'd within to know.
If thy frail Hand too curious, ſhou'd incline
To pry, and diſobey the Will divine,
Straight forth ten thouſand winged Plagues ſhall fly,
And ſcatter ſwift Contagion thro' the Sky.
Thee too, thou Faireſt, ſhall the Ruin ſeize,
Pain ſhalt thou feel, and Languiſh with Diſeaſe.

Deformity

Deformity thy lovely Looks ſhall blaſt,
And foul Pollution lay thy Beauties waſt.

He ſaid, And downward ſwift ſhe bent her Flight,
To ſpread around on Earth, the Beams of Beauties Light.
Nor did ſhe there with *Epimetheus* Dwell,
Shut up and Cloiſter'd in a lonely Cell,
As old Greek Tales of Dreaming *Heſiod* tell.
But bounteous of Delight and unconfin'd,
She made the Bleſſing common to Mankind,
Deſign'd a Publick Good ſtill paſſing on,
On undiſtinguiſh'd Crowds alike ſhe ſhone.

The ſtupid Herd with pleaſing Dread amaz'd,
Dumb with Attention, ſtood, and gladſome gaz'd,

Some

Some raviſh'd with her Mien ſo graceful were,
Some with the Ringlets of her Amber Hair,
Some with her Iv'ry Front, and Face ſo heav'nly Fair.

From her each Part Ambroſial Odours flow'd,
And breath'd a balmy Bleſſing on the Crowd,
While her bright Eyes (which ſcarce the Muſe had told,
Unleſs by ſacred Inſpiration Bold)
With Light effulgent, Darted forth a Ray,
That Chear'd Mankind, and made the World look Gay.

So when *Aurora* in the Roſy *Eaſt*,
Lifts her fair Head, with radiant Honours Dreſt,
O'er Natures Face a various Smile ſhe ſpreads,
And paints a-new the Fields and Flow'ry Meads,

Ten

Ten-thouſand-colour'd dyes her Beams unfold,
The Limpid Stream in Silver Waves is Roll'd,
And all the Green-Wood ſhade is burniſh'd
o'er with Gold.

Such Beauty was, in our firſt Fathers Time,
While yet the Youthful World was in its Prime,
The mingling Graces of the Sexes met,
And full Perfection made the Form compleat;
While Man yet free from Avarice, or Pride,
The Ways of Wickedneſs had never try'd,
Nor warping from the Right, Perverſly turn'd
aſide.

But when Pernicious Change invading ſpread,
And Error blind miſtaking Reaſon led,
The ſwift Contagion reach'd the lovely Maid.

Pandora tainted by an Impious Age,
Purſu'd each fond Deſire, and each fantaſtic Rage:
Curious to know, the Box diſturb'd her Reſt,
Jove's hard Commands ſat heavy on her Breaſt,
And Woman, Woman the frail Nymph confeſt:
Reſolv'd at length, whatever *Jove* forbid,
She eas'd her longing Mind, and broke the Lid:
When ſteaming, ſtrait, a deadly Vapour roſe,
Long Trains of waiting Plagues it did diſcloſe,
Diſeaſes, Miſeries, and mortal Woes.
Firſt the fell Poiſon ſeiz'd the curious Maid,
Firſt on her Youth, her blooming Roſes prey'd;
Her Eyes no more their ſtarry Fires could boaſt,
But dim and dull in cloudy Miſts were loſt;
No Part was left untainted in the whole,
But all that once was fair, was loathſom now and foul.

Nor ſtop'd the Ruin with the wretched Maid,
But growing ſtill, around diffuſive ſtray'd;
Error, Diſeaſe and Death like Victors dread,
Wide-waſting, o'er the World, their Legions ſpread,
And vanquiſh'd Minds and Bodies captive led.
Hid in deep Shades benighted Reaſon lay,
Shut from the Beams of Truth's Ethereal Day.
From that ſad *Æra* Ignorance begun,
Thence a dull Train of doubting Ages run,
And Beauty's ſacred Form remains unknown.
Oh then, to guide the wand'ring Muſe aright,
To pierce the Shades of this ſubſtantial Night;
Phœbus be kind, to thee for Aid we bow,
Thou Joy of Gods above, and Men below!
Patron of Verſe, and Ruler of the Day!
Do thou ſhoon ſwift before thy Golden Ray,
At once inſpire her Flight, and point her out the Way.

Tho'

Tho' all around the wide Contagion spread,
Like Streams far stretching from some fatal Head;
Yet was it various in it's baleful Course,
And now renew'd, and now repress'd its Force.
Where round the Poles the frozen Circles turn,
Or where near neighb'ring Suns too fiercely burn,
There Nature's Shame, misshapen Forms abound,
And Monsters people the devoted Ground.
Far in the *North*, where Winter's hoary Bed
Is with eternal Snows and Ice dispread;
Or where the land of *Magellan*'s Southern Tide
Does barbarous *Patagonian* Shores divide;
Nations deform'd, fierce Salvage Tribes are seen,
Of Bulk unwieldy and Gigantic Mien;
Each a huge heavy lazy Mass of Might,
Unfit for Use, and loathsom to the Sight;

While in the Regions of the burning *Zone*,
No Viſage but the ſooty Black is known;
Short woolly Locks their Horrid Fronts embrace,
Thick Lips grin fearful with a Fiend-like Grace,
And Night, the Beldam, broods, on each Barbarian Face.

Nor here unfitly to my Verſe belong,
Arts which were once the Princely *Arab*'s Song.
Long ſince the *Bard* in Native Numbers taught,
How the mid Globe, with temp'rate Regions fraught,
Feels not the dire Extremes of Cold and Hot.
Where in the Midſt the juſt *Æquator* lies,
Sweet is the Air, and undiſturb'd the Skies;
There, Heav'ns bright Scale well-blended Seaſons weighs,
Nature the Poles at equal Diſtance lays,
And righteouſly divides the Nights and Days:

There

There, nor the Sun's bright Flames malignant burn,
Nor chilly Moons with nipping Frosts return;
Thence, with Luxurious Births each pregnant Year,
Twin Seasons does, and double Plenties bear;
Twice yellow *Ceres* crowns the Summer Fields,
And twice his rich Increase ripe Autumn yields;
Twice gentle Winter comes with sober Grace,
And twice the blooming Spring renews her blissful Face.

Here, if aright the Poets Song divin'd,
The justest Forms of Beauty might we find:
From Constitutions rightly temper'd, here
Fair Harmony and Order should appear,
And all Mankind be Lovely like the Year.
But the known Clime must o'er the Verse prevail,
And Truth refute the false *Arabian* Tale:
Since black Deformity usurps alone
The sultry Regions of the *Torrid Zone*,

The

The fiery God too near 'em runs his Race,
And leaves his footy Marks on ev'ry hideous Face.

Then, oh my Muſe, forſake the ſcorching Line,
And to the cooler Pole thy Flight incline;
Seek in the midway ſpace ſome balmy Air,
A Land Delightful, and a People Fair;
Where Beauty long her Reſidence has plac'd,
And reign'd in Sov'reign State for Ages paſt.
Nor ceaſe thy curious Search, nor yet remain
Fix'd in warm *Italy*, or ſwarthy *Spain*:
Still ſpread thy Wing, and reach that happy Coaſt,
Where *Europe* does her fav'rite Country boaſt,
Where ſweeteſt Airs, and kindeſt Heav'ns ſhe yields,
Where *Gallia* ſpreads her fair *Elyſian* Fields;
But thee *Turonia* chief I would ſelect,
Thy pleaſing Soil with various Proſpect deck'd,

Where

Where winding Vales run rich with frequent Rills,
And verdant Plains are crown'd with riſing Hills;
Where gentle *Liger* ſlowly ſeeks the Sea,
Scattering full Plenty in his peaceful Way,
Where near proud *Angier*'s Walls his Waves are roll'd,
And thro' their Chryſtal clear diſplay the ſandy Gold.
Here lovely Maids of Form Divine abound,
With ev'ry Grace and juſt Perfection crown'd;
Here ſtill the Marks of Heav'ns firſt Work they wear,
And like the firſt *Pandora* ſtill are faultleſs Fair.

Mark how their Statures due Proportion know,
Nor riſe too high, nor ſink too meanly low;
No meager bony Jaws deform the Face,
Nor puffy Sides the taper Shape diſgrace,
But ev'ry part alike becomes its Place.

Behold

Behold, how lovely ſmooth the Forehead ſhines,
How milky White the ſoft Deſcent inclines,
How fitly to the ſparkling Eyes it joins!
While gaily pleaſing they, and ſweetly bright,
Fill each Beholder's Heart with dear Delight;
See on the blooming Cheeks, ſo freſhly ſpread,
So duly mixt, the Native White and Red;
Mark what full Roſes on the Lips appear,
What Sweets they breath, what balmy Dew they wear!
But loſt and endleſs were my Pain, to trace
The vaſt Infinity of Beauty's Grace:
Why ſhou'd the Muſe in laviſh Numbers ſpeak,
The golden Treſſes, or the Iv'ry Neck?
Why ſhou'd the baſhful Nymph attempt to tell,
What ſoft round Globes on riſing Boſoms ſwell?
What ſecret Charms——Since Modeſty denies,
And bars the bold Acceſs of Wanton Eyes;

Bluſhing

Bluſhing with decent Grace, her Veil ſhe draws,
And Shields the Fair from Shame by Cuſtom's
Rev'rent Laws.
Nor do we leſs our Manly Beauty boaſt,
Prov'd often to the Love-ſick Virgin's Coſt.
In either Sex, her Skill, Dame Nature ſhows,
And equally her faireſt Gifts beſtows.
Mark when the Downy Plumes at firſt begin
To Promiſe early Manhood on his Chin:
How goodly grac'd the Riſing Youth is ſeen,
His Form, how Noble, and how great his Mien.
From vital Juices well and kindly mixt,
The Conſtitution juſt and firmly fix'd;
No meagre Pale, upon his Viſage ſpread,
Taints with unwholſom hew the Native Red.
But healthy Sanguine, of the *Tyrian* Dye,
Laughs in his Looks, while from his Front on high,
In large deſcending Locks his Auborn treſſes fly.

Nor Boast his other Parts less Grace Divine,
Sweet Loveliness with comely Strength combine,
Each Limb on well-compacted Muscles turns,
And just Proportion the fair Whole adorns.
Such equal Tempers happy GALLIA knows,
Such are the Forms our kinder Heav'n bestows.
Far from the Clime where sultry Suns arise,
Far from the Wintry *North*'s inclement Skies,
In the *Mid-Space* the Queen of Nations lies;
With softest Airs with Sweetest is she blest,
And gentle Heats brood on her Balmy Breast.

If then the *Genial* Arts thou seek to know,
Attend to what the skillful Muse can show,
Sweet are her Sacred Rules, and tuneful they flow.
Not every Man or Woman was design'd,
To Propagate and Multiply their Kind;

'Forbid we Rightly the Deform'd and Foul,
'To Cloath with ill-shap'd Limbs the Heav'nly Soul.
Has not the Poets Song Divinely told,
Of Births detested in the Days of Old?
How dreadful PHLEGETON did Night Invade,
Compress the *Beldam* in her own dire Shade.
Hence sprung the Sisters, (horrible to Sight!)
Whose hellish Heads with hissing Snakes affright.
Who Shudders not at PLUTO's odious Bed?
What Virgin would a One-ey'd CYCLOPS Wed?
Were I to judge no VULCAN e'er should prove
A horrid Husband to the QUEEN of LOVE,
Some fitter Task his barren Age should find,
In hamm'ring Bolts for JOVE to Plague Mankind,
Doom'd to old *Ætna*'s Forge he should remain,
And Drudge out dull Immortal Years in vain.

But he, who judges right of what is Fair,
With healthy Sons will healthy Daughters Pair.
As unperforming, uſeleſs *Drones*, will drive,
The *Weak* and *Sickly* from the *Marriage Hive*.
Whether a Man by frequent Viſits feel
The gnawing Torments of the *Gouty Ill*,
Or, ſudden *Epilepſies* ſeize his Mind,
Or, *bilious Cholic* rack his *Breaſt* with Wind,
Or, on his waſted *Lungs* an *Ulcer* prey,
Or, a *Conſumption*, lingringly Betray
His pining Life, and Murder by Delay.

For, MAN's new curious Syſtem to compoſe,
An equal Portion every Limb beſtows,
From every Nerve collected Nature flows.
Whence by Traduction from the Father run,
Ill Habitudes intail'd upon the Son.

The

The latent Poiſon in the Bowels grows,
And Propagates a Family of Woes.
How oft do Men their ill-ſtar'd Birth bewail,
Condemn'd to a diſeaſefull Body's Jayl!
How oft with vain Complaints they load the Skies,
And guiltleſs Gods accuſe with fruitleſs Cries!
When the true Cauſe of their repeated Blame,
From a diſtemper'd feeble Marriage came.
Let then a healthy *Bridegroom* and a *Bride*,
Be in connubial Leagues of Love ally'd,
If they Deſire that future Times ſhould know,
To what a lovely Origin they owe
A Race of Men, for all that's generous Born,
Or to Defend their Country, or Adorn.
The prudent Farmers, who of Heaven implore
A plenteous Harveſt, and increaſing Store;
The fineſt of their Wheat for Seed retain,
Nor Sow their Acres with corrupted Grain.

Hence

Hence loaded Fields their Annual Wealth unfold,
And ſmiling CERES waves in Sheafy Gold.
Thus lab'ring Hinds, for a rich Crop of Corn,
Improve their Ground, while you Neglect with Scorn,
The grateful Soil, from whence Mankind is Born.
Unwilling or unmindful to Produce,
From a hale Body, pure and generous Juice.
Which in clear Channels may unblended run,
From the bright FATHER to the brighter SON.
Is then the Price of Man no better known,
Or God, who form'd Thy Image from his Own?
Cannot that Soul which does with Art Survey
The Stars, and Travels o'er the Milky Way,
Erect thy Spirits, and refine thy Clay?
Does Sloth ſupine in ſuch ſtrong Fetters bind
Your abject Senſe, and make you leſs inclin'd,
To found a beauteous Temple for th' Æthereal Mind.

Ye

Ye Gods, who to a Human Birth repair,
And watch the Cradle with a Guardian's Care,
From *Nuptial Banns* exclude a weakly Pair.
Left Execrations from their Children's Throat,
Their wretched Parents to the Fiends devote:
And Thou, *Great Father* of all Human Race,
Whose Hand preserves this Globe in strict Embrace,
No longer let the wicked Custom reign,
Nor the just Beauty of thy Labour stain.
Let a new Genius from the Skies descend,
With better Nature, and Mankind befriend:
Who may this Theme with well-wrote Rules adorn,
And give Instruction to an Age unborn.

Nor is't enough, that Marriages agree,
In mutual Vigour, and from Sickness free;
If you Desire an Offspring, you must learn,
Another Lesson of the First Concern.

The

The Nuptial Knot ſhould be with Equals ty'd;
No Sanguine Bridegroom to a Sapleſs Bride;
Nor ſhould a bloomy Nymph entomb her Charms,
In an old Husband's Monumental Arms.
HYMEN will ſuch an ill-yok'd Couple blame,
And JUNO kindle an unhappy Flame.
ALECTO, frowning on the Luckleſs Pair,
Shakes her ſulphureous Torch, and ſnaky Hair.
See, how young CHLOE, keen with ſtrong Deſires,
From her old wither'd Spouſe with Scorn retires,
His frigid Kiſſes ſhuns, and languid Fires.
With frequent Tears Bedews her Face, and quits
Her idle Drudge, and the deteſted Sheets.
Thee, Happy ATYS, RHEA from above,
Purſu'd with chaſte Deſires, and honeſt Love.
Had th' antiquated *Goddeſs* thee careſt,
And with cold Kiſſes in her Boſom preſt,

Thy

Thy waſting Youth had found its certain Doom,
Unſinew'd of its Strength, and ſpringing Bloom.
For the dull Dryneſs of Old Age deſires
More Aliment to feed its dying Fires,
And luſty Nature's whole vivific Stock requires.
So, ever burning Sands in *Libyan* Plains,
Suck in with greedy Thirſt the falling Rains,
And ſtill unſated with the watry Store,
Their Drought increaſing, make Demands for more.

Yet more from Diſcord of unequal Seed,
When Youth and Age are Coupled for the breed:
Diſeaſes in a ſickly Train proceed.
And if at laſt a weakly Offspring's born,
How oft his wretched Being will he mourn?
How oft a Life in Miſery extend,
Unuſeful to his Country, or his Friend?

Nor can we here forget the Modiſh Crime,
Which ſlights the Rules of our inſtructing Rhyme.
How ill-adviſing Thirſt of Gold ſupplies
The Want of Paſſion, and perverts our Eyes:
Which, to a Face Superior and Divine,
Prefers the Monarch's Image on the Coin.
How, faſhionably vain, large Portions prove
Rebellious Subjects to commanding Love:
For if the Cheſts of a rich Father hold
The ſacred Load of Writings, or of Gold;
If he can Jointure a conſenting Mate
With the gay Ruin of a vaſt Eſtate;
Blind with the ſhining Hopes, each Nymph will run
With proffer'd Beauty to the charming Son,
While the fond Parents wiſh her wealthily undone.

Tho'

Tho' the pale Wretch, with ſure Contagion, kills,
Infected with an Hoſpital of Ills,
And every vile Diſeaſe which crouds the *Weekly Bills.*

Tho' pining in the laſt Decline of Life,
A fruitleſs Burden to his longing Wife.
How hard her Fate, who in her Youthful Pride
Finds a dry Monſter, ſnoring by her Side,
A married Virgin She, and widow'd Bride!
Of her loſt Bloom how oft will ſhe complain,
And wet the Joyleſs Sheets with nightly Rain!
How will ſhe Childleſs mourn! or what is worſe,
Loath her deteſted Race, a heavier Curſe.
Beſides, if prompted by her ſtrong Deſires,
She ſeeks new Springs to cool her wanton Fires;
If Wand'ring in the ſearch of Bliſs ſhe flies,
To ſeek what her enervate Drudge denies,

(For who wou'd Wiſh a loathſom Joy to
prove,
Or Languiſh in the Arms of ſickly Love?)
What rank Adulteries thy Houſe will ſtain,
And croud it with a long promiſcuous Train,
Which Thou, Good-natur'd Cuckold, muſt
maintain!
'Tis true, the Boy, not Thine, will bear thy
Name,
Tho' Twenty Fathers have a better Claim.
Here ſhall his Features, and his Mien expreſs
A Baronet; and there his Groom confeſs.
Here a young Colonel's warlike Look, or there
A ſneaking Citizen's ſubmiſſive Air.
Then ſhall the hoarded Sums, and glittering
Heap,
Which Thou haſt labour'd anxiouſly to keep:

Then

Then ſhall the Acres of thy rented Ground,
The Flocks and Herds with which thy Fields abound,
All which to Thee by long Deſcent have run,
Be ſpent in Riot by a ſpurious Son.

Nor does a private Family alone
Beneath the Miſchief of this Poiſon groan;
In Palaces the growing Evil ſpreads,
And impudently climbs Imperial Beds.
When Kings, infeebled by Luxurious Eaſe,
Or latent Seeds of ſome uncur'd Diſeaſe,
By the warm Sides of Youthful Conſorts freeze;
No longer now at the ſoft Anvil ſweat,
Too impotent to Govern, or Beget.
Hence Infants ſometimes may a Kingdom guide,
Tho' Royal only by the Mother's ſide.

Hence

Hence the deluded Sire's oblig'd to Own
The doubted Offspring of a Blood unknown,
And willingly adopts the Baſtard to his Throne.

Nor is our Sex leſs faulty than the Fair;
Alike we fall within the Golden Snare.
For, if a Matron's Fortune can ſupply
The want of each indearing Quality;
Tho' fitter for a Tomb than Bridal Bed,
Tho' Time ſits Hoary on her ſhaking Head;
Tho' from her Eyes the Brackiſh Humour breaks,
And trickles down the Furrows of her Cheeks:
Tho' here and there a ſtragling Tooth is ſet,
A thin Plantation, and deform'd with Jet:
Tho' huſky *Coughs* make an ungrateful Din,
And *Phtyſicks* rattle from her Lungs within:
Yet if this complicated Ill, Deſire,
With HYMEN's Torch to Light her dying Fire;

If for connubial Joys enrag'd ſhe Thirſt,
To Sate her greedy and impetuous Luſt,
Some Younger Brother will perhaps incline
To pay his Homage at her Golden Shrine:
Who with diſſembled Love will fondly run
To Kiſs the wither'd, weakhy Skeleton;
Will fold the *Bedlam* in his Arms to Reſt.
And with Diſſembled Joy pant on her Leathern breaſt.

But ah! This Husband of a large Eſtate
Soon Flags, and turns by quick Degrees to Hate;
Quits the dull Carcaſs of the nauſeous Dame,
Slights her dry Embers for a briſker Flame,
And ſeeks with eager Heat a Nobler Game.
Some tender Yeilding Maid he longs to prove,
Or ſome coæval Wife's unlawful Love;
While, ſingle, his neglected Conſort lies,
And waſtes the joyleſs Night in empty Sighs.

Hence

Hence Tears, preluding to deſtructive Jars,
And ſad Complaints to unaſſiſting Stars!
Hence deep Reſentments rack her jealous Head,
For her wrong'd Honour, and deſerted Bed!
Hence Study of Revenge her Love repells,
And all the Woman riſes and rebells!
In Wicked Arts and deadly Drugs ſhe deals,
And with diſſembled Duty rage conceals.
While careleſs He, and Indolent of Thought,
Drinks ſure Deſtruction in ſome fatal Draught.

Did not the Tenets of Religion bind
To ſacred Counſels my obedient Mind,
Love ſhould be *Liking*; nor the Nuptial League
Be ty'd by Compact, or deſign'd Intrigue
Of ſelfiſh Parents, who in Wedlock joyn
Their Sons, to raiſe their Wealth, and not their Line.

For,

For, ſhould wiſe Nature, for the *Cyprian* Joys
Direct a Couple in their mutual Choice,
They would, by Reaſon, not by Cuſtom led,
Ne'er Tye a Living Body to a Dead.
Be baniſh'd then, unfit for Amorous Sport,
The Fribling Dotard from the *Paphian* Court!
Let Youth their Strength on Youth alone employ,
And burn with equal Love and healthy Joy;
To propagate Mankind, and people Earth,
With a ſound Offspring, and a generous Birth.

Nor, while I dictate theſe important Truths,
Grateful to Maidens, and unmarried Youths,
Would I to an Extream as bad incline;
And beardleſs Boys with unfledg'd Virgins joyn,
New to a Bluſh, and Fond without Deſign.
For prudent Nature, who has then began
To knit the Joynts, and to confirm the Man,

Has not as yet her genial Power diſtill'd,
Nor with prolific Juice the Veſſels fill'd.
If then a Damſel, who deſigns to Wed,
Would reap the Pleaſures of the Nuptial Bed;
Let her (for THEMIS theſe ſtrict Rules ordains,
To curb too forward Nymphs, and eager Swains)
Expect with Patience, till the rowling Sun
Has twice Six times his Annual Journey run,
Till her maturing Years begin to Bloom,
And Promiſe early Offspring to the Womb.
For when the ſwelling Maſs is firmly knit,
And the Ripe Virgin glows with perfect Heat:
Then, Roſy Streams from ſecret Springs abound,
Which kindly bath the Fruitful Womb around;
By Nature's prudent Care provided well,
To feed the ſleeping Infant in his Cell.
Then her ſoft Breaſts the Lover's Heart inſpire,
With tempting Heavings, and provoke Deſire.

So

So ſhould the Youth attend, till Time begin
With moſſy Down to cloath and fledge the Chin:
Till the firm Channels ſwell with vigorous Blood,
And rowl, impetuous, a prolific Flood.
Then, if kind JUNO his Endeavours bleſs,
He ſafely may the wedded Fair careſs.
And venture on Love's ſoft and cloſe Recefs.
If Youths and Virgins would theſe Rules obey,
And wiſely follow where I Chalk the Way,
What beauteous Bloſſoms would their Labours bring?
What Fruits would in the Bridal Chamber ſpring?
Would they with equal Conſtitutions join,
Man would be all Harmonious, all Divine,
And *Angels* heav'nly Looks would in *God's* Image ſhine.

Mean-time, while Lab'ring in this pleaſing Art,
The Sacred Laws of Nature I impart;

While to the married Pair the willing Muſe,
Gives ſound Inſtructions of important Uſe:
Lo! A young HERO of Imperial Race,
With early Manhood and Superiour Grace,
Mounts the Paternal Throne of *France*, and brings
New Glory to the Blood from whence he ſprings,
The worthy Succeſſor of *Ancient Kings*.
LEWIS! Heav'ns darling Offspring, from above
Sent to Command with Equity and Love.
By wholſom Laws the Factious World to bind,
And be a preſent Succour to Mankind.
What Royal Mien! What mingled Graces riſe
In every Part, and lighten from his Eyes!
What Majeſty of Soul, aſpiring to the Skies!
A Thouſand Goddeſſes admire his Charms,
His Princely Air a Thouſand Nymphs alarms,
A thouſand Sighs they ſend, to languiſh in his Arms.

Him

Him the bright Nymph of AUSTRIA's Blood adores,
Who burns, where TAGUS gilds *Iberian* Shores.
The gentle Winds tell every ſecret Groan,
And waft her Wiſhes to the *Gallic* Throne.
If Mighty Prince, Thou to the Match incline,
SPAIN, and her *Indian* Treaſures ſhall be Thine.
For THEE the tender *Luſitanian* Dame
Conſumes, and Rivals the *Heſperian* Flame.
For THEE ſhe pines; for THEE the Beauties glow,
Which drink the *German* Rhine, and *Latian* Po.
All ſtrung alike, and emulous to tread
The Bridal Room, and mount Thy lofty Bed.
But Thou! the Hope of the *Barbonian* Line,

A Foreign HYMEN's Sacred Torch decline.
Of thoſe refulgent Stars, which croud our Sky,
And Sparkle in the *Celtic Galaxy*,

Thy

A Hundred Beauties in thy Court are seen,
Deserving the High Title of thy QUEEN:
On whose fair Birth a Planet, like thy Own,
With friendly Influence, propitious, shone;
Whence kindly Seeds arise, and Kisses not unknown.

Nor be to fond Desires so blindly lost,
To chuse a Nymph, whom turbid TYBER's Coast,
Or whom *Ausonia*'s petty Princes boast.
Nor, mindless of the Blood which Swells each Vein,
Admit as Consort of Thy Glorious Reign,
Such humble Births, a mean, degenerate Strain.

Consider thy Royalty with nicest Care,
And fix with Judgment on the chosen Fair,

Worthy

Worthy to languiſh by a Monarch's Side;
Nor ſue by Proxy to an abſent Bride.
Survey in Perſon the delicious Prize,
And drink in Love, at Thy own piercing Eyes;
Demand her Perſon on a double Score,
Much for her Beauty, for her Virtue more.
Mad Cuſtom! Where a Queen is led to Climb
(Unſeen before) the Royal Bed ſublime.
Where Kings are guided by another's Voice,
And follow Blindfold the deputed Choice.
Be this thy firſt and fateſt Wiſh to prove,
In ſilken Chains of Matrimonial Love,
Some charming Heroine of high Deſcent,
The Part'ner of Thy Breaſt and Government.
From whoſe celeſtial Loyns may ſpring an Heir,
Great, like his Father, like his Mother, Fair.
Whoſe Native Charms with an ingaging Art,
Win the glad Soul, and ſteal upon the Heart.

The

The conscious People willingly Obey,
When e'er designing Destiny makes Way,
By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.
When they behold a Royal Infant born,
Whose starry Temples shall the Crown adorn.
Where is the mighty Gain, that from a Stem
Of Kings, a Juno share thy Diadem,
If you Attempt th' Embraces of a Queen
In Body foul, with swarthy Cheeks obscene;
How will she damp thy Flames, thy Pleasures cloy?
What Love can she inspire? What real Joy?
What just Materials bring for thy succeeding
Boy?
Unfit for Sceptres, his unprincely Race,
Abhorring from the Brightness of thy Race,
Thy Subjects shall pervert, thy Throne disgrace.

Nor

Nor is the Secret to the Muſe unknown,
How Courts, to frequent Wantoneſſes prone
By looſe Deſires, and high Examples led,
Stain the chaſte Honours of the Royal Bed.
How a young *Monarch*, to His QUEEN unjuſt,
Oft licenſes the faſhionable Luſt.
So *in Olympus* once, Adult'rous JOVE
Left his loath'd JUNO for a Human Love.
In Earth and Heaven his ſpurious Offspring ſow'd,
Profuſely ſcatter'd his Immortal Blood,
And ſtock'd the Sky with a promiſcuous Brood.
GREAT SIRE, abandon this opprobrious Life,
Contented with a lov'd, and loving Wife.
Let the pure Iſſue of unſpotted Flames
Thy Scepter wield, and ſhun laſcivious Dames.

But if my private Muſe, without Offence,
May freely utter her impartial Senſe:
There might be found a more adapted Mate
Of higher Virtues, tho' of humbler State.
Who with requiting Fires Thy Fires would meet,
Of Temper equal, and of Form complete,
Whoſe Looks might ſoften and unbend Thy Care,
And eaſe the Burden of the Gold You wear.
Others, who court Alliance to Thy Throne,
Seek but to ſtrengthen, and ſecure their Own.
So the weak Branches of the tender *Vine*
In circling Folds the married *Elm* intwine.
But KINGS, who to themſelves their Grandeur owe,
Self-ballanc'd, on unmov'd Foundations grow:
Safe in their People's Strength, from Princes near
They ſeek no Succours, and no Forces fear.

But while we wait, from what cœleſtial Worth
From what Great Princeſs of exalted Birth,
New CÆSARS ſhall ariſe to rule the *Gallic* Earth.
Me, PHÆBUS, guide with thy informing Light,
While uſeful Laws for Husbands I indite;
Smile on my pleaſing Toil, and aid my daring Flight.

CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK the SECOND.

The ARGUMENT.

A Relation of the Diversions on the Day *of* Marriage; *the* Laws *which are to be kept when the Married Couple come together. Some* Astrological *Cautions, shewing how conducive the Influence of the* Stars *is, towards the Procreation of* Fair *Children; some Precepts adjoin'd, which tend to the Begetting of a* Male *Offspring, concluding with the* Conception.

LONDON,

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CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK II.

BUT now the Ceremonial Part is done,
And the Fair Couple are for ever One;
Their eager Wiſhes meet, and burn to prove
The future Joys of unexperienc'd Love.

All Offices now paſt, which *Forms* require,
With cheerful Hearts the feaſted Friends retire.
BACCHUS himſelf, well ſated with the Store,
Scarce carries his enormous Paunch before;
Scornful he views th' inverted Cups around,
And draws the fuming Vapours from the Ground.
The weary'd Youth's more ſlowly now advance,
To join the Virgins in the winding Dance,
While the ſoft Muſic meaſures out the Bound;
And works the trembling Feet to ev'ry Sound.
Then the great Maſter, to the ſpeaking Strings,
The Sweets of Matrimonial Pleaſure ſings,
Kiſſes, and Smiles, and the preluding Toys,
And laſt, the Product of ſubſtantial Joys,
The beauteous Female Births, and lovely graceful Boys.
Again he turns the Song, and PALLAS blames,
And raſh DIANA, fooliſh, Maiden Names,

But

But He, Thee VENUS, ſings in kinder Airs,
Propitious Goddeſs, to our mortal Pray'rs;
Source of all Joy, and Eaſer of all Grief;
Thou giv'ſt the Thunderer himſelf Relief.
Thee, beauteous PARIS, he in Raptures prais'd,
And, high above the Stars, thy Merit rais'd;
Who, to fair VENUS more prevailing Eyes,
Impartially adjudg'd the Golden Prize,
Tho' PALLAS frown'd, and JUNO in a Storm,
Roughen'd her Features to a ſcornful Form.
Nor fear'd he PHŒBUS, Anger to provoke,
And give his Paſſion a ſeverer Stroke;
Who on a Boy his barren Love employ'd,
And the dear Object, which he lov'd, deſtroy'd.
The Majeſty of Heav'n himſelf, great JOVE,
He ridicul'd for his unlucky Love,
All Flames he blam'd, that far from Nature rove,
In idle Eſſays of unfruitful Love;

But

But prais'd the Kiſſes, which alternate pleaſe,
And both the Giver and Receiver eaſe.
The Matrons ſmil'd, and ancient Sires ſevere,
Skrew'd a divided Laugh, and flouting Leer.

But ſee! the failing Day to Night reſigns,
And VENUS Star, to VENUS Rites inclines:
Away then Modeſty, nor dare appear
With thy falſe Scruples, and fantaſtic Fear;
But come, Thou HYMEN, with thy ſacred Light,
The little Train of ſmiling *Loves* excite:
Thee too, SATURNIA, now the Pair require,
In Circles wave thy Torch, at their Deſire,
Emblem of conſtant Love, and ſtill ſucceeding Fire.
Ye Mothers alſo, who theſe Joys have known,
Aſſiſt me, and unlooſe the Virgin *Zone*;

With

With me, to cheer the fearful Maiden ſtrive,
And tell her, ſhe may ſee the Morn alive;
For now the Spouſe, impatient for Delight,
Warms with the Thought, and ſtruggles for the Fight.
'Let us engage, he crys, nor longer ſtay,
'And waſte the Time of Love, in dull Delay;
'No more, my Friends, th'expected Liſts deny,
'Nor enviouſly reſiſt a Bliſs ſo nigh:
'Why ſhould we not the happy Combat prove,
'Free, as we are, and give a Looſe to Love.

Hold, furious Youth —— Better thy Heat aſſwage,
And moderate, a while, thy eager Rage;
For if the Genial Sport you now compleat,
Full of the Fumes of undigeſted Meat,

A thin, diluted Subſtance ſhalt thou place,
Too weak a Baſis for a Manly Grace,
To riſe in Figure juſt, and dignify thy Race.
Adviſ'd, defer the Work, till Time produce
A more mature, and well-concocted Juice:
Hard is the Rule, and Lovers oft complain;
Tho' hard, yet proper for a vig'rous Strain.

For this, the Wife, by Nature's Courſe, are taught,
That when the Work is in the Morning wrought,
The Rudiments of Man, more aptly take
A juſt Proportion, and a finiſh'd Make.
This Reaſon proves; for, when by Sleep oppreſt,
At Night the weary'd Limbs relax with Reſt;
The Warmth more ſlowly thro' the Skin perſpires,
And to the Seats of inward Life retires;
There with a piercing, and more ſubtle Heat,
It forcibly ferments the paſſive Meat;

Which

Which by the Fibres of the Stomach wore,
And for Digeſtion half prepar'd before,
Leſſen'd and chang'd, a milky Colour takes,
And a quick Paſſage to the Liver makes;
There chang'd again, a ruddy Tincture gains,
And flowing onward, fluſhes in the Veins.

From hence the Parts impregnated below,
With new redundant Tides of Juices flow,
For as the Streams are in the Veſſels roll'd,
Thro' interwoven Network Fold, on Fold,
Mix'd, and remix'd with Spirits as they paſs,
Enrich'd they riſe into a Vital Maſs;
The Forms thus fix'd, the Principles refin'd,
Frame a fit Lodging for the heav'nly Mind.

This Caution then obſerve, and now forbear,
With ill-tim'd Kiſſes to provoke the Fair,

Leaſt Nature hurry'd by too fierce a Toil,
Her lovely, ſecret Operation ſpoil,
And the beſt, bliſsful Work imperfect done,
Be curs'd hereafter by thy future Son.

Who has not heard, how the Great *Thund'ring* GOD,
One heav'nly Holiday had got his Load,
And warm with *Nectar*, reeling to his Reſt,
Unſeaſonably his Conſort JUNO preſt?
From that Embrace the Monſter VULCAN ſprung,
Whom his own Father from OLYMPUS flung:
So dead his Features, and ſo foul his Face,
The Gods deny'd him at their Feaſts a Place;
So ſoon rejected where he once apply'd,
That homely PALLAS ſcorn'd to be his Bride;

And Taunting bid him with Dame VENUS treat,
Who might his ill-ſhap'd Maſs in Wedlock meet,
Not from her Choice, but more abundant Heat:
She too abhors him, and promiſcuous lies,
With Gods and Men of ev'ry Sort, and Size,
And Plants, for all the Sacred Marriage Vows,
Many fair Antlers on his ugly Brows.

Nor is this Rule enough, to Check thy Haſte,
And not the Genial Heat untimely waſte;
Before the Food is from the Stomach thrown;
A Second hear, and hearing make thy own.
'Skilfull obſerve the Skies, what Planet ſhines,
'When to the cloſe Embrace thy Soul inclines,
'When Nature ſtretching from the barren Kiſs,
'Flies to the ſweet Extremity of Bliſs.

The Reaſon this; the Care is not ſo great,
Nor carries with it half ſo much of Fate;
Under what Star, or what prevailing Ray,
The crying Infant breaks th' implicit Way,
And ſpringing from the Priſon ſtruggles into Day;
As at *Conception* chief what Stars preſide,
The juſt Concretion of the Seed to guide;
For then the *Fluid* in the Womb enclos'd,
To a due Cement by the Heat diſpos'd,
Feels the ſure Influence which the Stars create,
More forcibly Affect its forming State,
Then, at that Inſtant, as the Planets Sway,
The tender, *Ductile* Matter muſt Obey.

But oh! What Mortal Science can unfold,
The fatal Myſteries above enroll'd?
Thou Goddeſs, Thou of high Celeſtial Birth,
Scornful of lower Air, and ſordid Earth,

To

To whom the willing Gates of Heav'n disclose,
Each Starry Orb that in her Bosom glows;
Do thou URANIA Aid me, and Inspire
Thy Heav'nly Poet with a Heav'nly Fire;
Hard is the Task the beauteous Theme to raise,
But well-sung Beauty will Reward with Praise;
If thou thy Influence shed, and guide my Tongue,
Sweet shall the tuneful Numbers flow along,
And own Thee Patroness of my Harmonious Song.

This arched *Concave* of the World behold,
Studded with Stars, and skirted round with Gold;
Think not those shining Luminaries Blaze,
That idle Man may on the Prospect Gaze:
For, highest JOVE, whose forming Hand they boast,
Sow'd not the Heaven's with that unnumber'd Host,

That

That we might upward caſt our wondring Eyes,
And Praiſe the curious Picture of the Skies,
From deeper Reaſons of the *Makers* Thought
Was that fine Syſtem of Creation wrought,

Obſerv'ſt thou not the Fluxes here below,
As diff'rent Stars their diff'rent Faces ſhew,
How Heats they cauſe, or Show'rs and Tempeſts range,
And ev'ry Element alternate Change.
Who doubts the HYADES moiſt Seaſons Form?
Or that ORION enters in a Storm?
See! How the *Dog-Star's* Fire the Meadows burns,
Drinks Rivers up, and Drains their Thirſty Urns.
Nor need I direful Unions now relate,
Authors of Ill, and Arbiters of Fate;
SATURN, tremendous with his Stythe from far,
JOVE ſtain'd with Blood, and MARS denouncing War;

Should

Should they alas! in one ſad Juncture ſhine,
Their Rage augmented in fierce LEO's Sign;
How many Nations would to Sorrows turn,
And ſee their Country waſte, their Cities burn!
How would Triumphant *Diſcord* on the Plain,
Free as the Wind the Steeds of War unrein,
And with Varieties of Death her Purple Garment ſtain!
Then Ancient Thrones, and Empires would Decay,
And own a New, Uſurping Tyrant's Sway;
Such fatal Stars did once before inſpire,
The Rival Chiefs, to ſet the World on Fire:
Here POMPEY, there Victorious CESAR ſtood,
And dire *Pharſalia* bluſh'd in *Roman* Blood.
(And if a Poet's Song may Credit gain)
The ſame deſtructive Stars at preſent Reign,
That ſhake the *Gaul*, and *Spaniard* with Alarms,
And drive contending Monarchies to Arms;

For

For SATURN, JOVE, and MARS, with mingl'd Rays
In CHIRON's ruddy Arms, malignant Blaze.

Beſide, beneath theſe Stars that Plague aroſe,
Which fiercely in the Seats of Pleaſure glows;
That the ſweet Purpoſe of our Kind deſtroys,
And or Forbids, or Poiſons all our Joys.
For ſo the Tales of late Tradition run,
That when the fatal Malady begun
To ſpread, and ſhew the lurking Cauſe within
By putrid Stains, and a diſcolour'd Skin.
Then MARS ſhone Adverſe, and in CANCER ſet,
With livid SATURN inauſpicious met,
Their Influence join'd more Peſtilential grew,
And with their Rays th' envenom'd Vapour flew.
But why the GODS preſume I to Diſplay,
And Mortal, tread their Everlaſting Way?

Why

Why ſearch I Cauſes of portentous Weight,
Or doubtfully purſue retiring Fate?
Better abſolve my Promiſe, and unfold
What proper Stars work up the beauteous Mold,
And tell, what PHŒBUS to his Poet told.

Mankind, (as FAME reports) of Old oppreſt,
To Heav'n their ſupplicating Sighs addreſt,
Much did the ſad, degen'rate Race complain,
How wide *Deformity* had ſpread her Reign,
How more than half their Kind were loathſom Born,
Scandals of Nature, and their Parents Scorn.
Unknown the Cauſe; whether the Air ſupply'd
With tainted Particles the Vital Tide;
Or the containing Womb the Venom bred,
And it's own Shame the vicious *Stamen* fed.
'Tis certain Beauty then but thinly grew,
Few were the charming Wives, the comely Husbands few.

When JOVE thus ſaw the Realms of *Beauty* waſte
And his own Image in Mankind debaſt,
A Synod of thoſe *Gods* he calls, whoſe Care
Preſides peculiar o'er the wedded Pair.
Firſt JUNO, Regent of the Marriage Flame,
Bore on the Wings of painted *Peacocks* came;
The QUEEN of LOVE her bridl'd *Turtles* drew
Thro' the wide *Azure*, Billing as they flew.
Next did the *Planter* of the *Vine* appear,
And CERES, Mother of the *Golden Ear!*
(For who unaided by their kindly Heat,
Can love with Rapture, or with Force repeat?)
APOLLO for eternal Bloom ador'd,
Laſt took his Place, and crown'd the Sacred Board.
Then from the Throne on High, the Council ſate,
The King Supreme began the Great Debate.

Briefly

Briefly his Words our Human Sorrows trace,
And Earth diſhonour'd by a ſightleſs Race.

Then PHÆBUS riſing, leave of Speech obtain'd,
Thus to his Fellow-*Gods* the Cauſe explain'd.
'Mankind this Evil on themſelves have brought,
'From ill-tim'd Pleaſure, and from want of Thought,
The Courſe of Heav'n unknown, the World annoys
With ſhapeleſs *Females*, and uncomely *Boys*.
Since then whatever Stars or Planets ſhine,
Each in their various Spheres depend on mine;
Let me their Virtues, and their Force explore,
And tell you Sacred Truths unheard before.
Where the ſlop'd *Zodiac* o'er the Globe extends,
And backward from the *Pole* it's Circle bends;
Ye view the figur'd *Stars* that there appear,
Their Number *Twelve*, the Name of SIGNS they bear,
Thro' theſe my Courſe revolves, and finiſhes the Year.

From theſe *Deformity*, or *Beauty* trace,
Hence Spring the well-turn'd Limbs, the bloomy Grace,
Hence the dark Figure, and forbidding Face.

Firſt, If the *Ram*, EUROPA's Bearer riſe,
And with his fiery *Fleece* infeſt the Skies,
When bound in ſtrict Embrace the Couple meet,
When the warm *Fluid* glows with fruitful Heat,
The Wife that Reckons from that Luckleſs Date,
Shall view an Offspring ſhe her ſelf will Hate.
That Product ſhall Diſgrace his Parent's Bed,
With lank *Crane-Neck*, and ſpiral Length of Head:
His Legs un-pair'd, of diſproportion'd Size,
A ſtupid, leaden Look, and downcaſt Eyes;
Thick Scales ſhall plaite his Skin, and arm his Hand,
Or horrent with a furrow'd Roughneſs ſtand,

O'er

O'er his broad Shoulders, and Athletic make,
Bright ſilver Locks in wanton curles ſhall ſhake,
That ill-match'd Beauty, hideous to the Sight,
Will more Deform the Monſter-finiſh'd Wight.
But chief, if MARS ſhall then infect the Earth,
Or SATURN envious Glance upon his Birth;
For they are Foes to Beauty, and Diſarm
Each graceful Member of each killing Charm,
Nor leave one ſingle Feature of Eſteem,
That can from Scorn the wretched Maſs redeem.

Nor more the *Bull* adorns, or fiercer *Eye*
That dart his Beams obliquely from the Sky,
Ye too, ye PLEIADES deſtructive ſhine,
And marr the Beauties of a lovely Line;
Your ſelves tho' Brighteſt in th' *Ætherial* Plains,
Tho' ev'ry Face fair PLEIONE retains,
And in each *Daughter-Star* the lovely *Mother* reigns;

Yet

Yet ah! No Joy ariſes from your Sway,
If CYNTHIA Blend not her ore'ruling Ray;
She Forms the waxen Arms, the Limbs refines,
By her the Skin, a poliſh'd Surface ſhines,
And *Beauty* follows as ſhe draws the Lines.

Why ſhould I with the *Bull* my Numbers ſtain,
Or paint the Birth beneath his brutal Reign?
Flatted his Noſe, his Noſtrils gaping wide,
Shall Stretch protuberant from Side to Side;
Thick Rolls of Fat around his Neck ſhall lie,
And a foul Fierceneſs threaten in his Eye;
Red Locks ſhall Glitter on his fiery Head,
And diſagreeing Black his Eye-brows ſpread;
From his unweildy Trunk, in broken Note,
His Voice ſhall Jarr, and Rattle in his Throat.

Not ſo the *Twins*, for they by Force innate,
Soft Sweetneſs, and Harmonious Forms create,

Them-

Themſelves all Harmony, a Friendly Pair,
Who both their Mothers Charms, and Siſters ſhare,
Gentle as LEDA, and as HELEN fair.
Theſe JOVE preferr'd amid the *Starry* ſpace,
And bid them ſtill appear in kind Embrace,
Fraternal Smiles, and lovely Looks aſſume,
To bleſs the growing Product of the Womb.
Hence they not only outward Charms ſupply,
Smiles in the Cheek, and Luſtre in the Eye,
Or on the Skin a ſhining *White* diſplay,
And ſmooth the Surface with an even Ray;
But to the Soul their Sacred Influence dart,
Manners refin'd, and pleaſing Wit impart,
And to the Force of Nature, add the Charms of Art,
Perſuaſive Speech, and melting Tongues afford,
While Eloquence informs, and Breaths in ev'ry Word.
For MERCURY himſelf their *Aſpect* guides,
And with Superiour Energy preſides;

From

From hence are all the Graces of the Mind
To the juſt Beauties of the Body joyn'd.

Ah! How unlike do *Cancer*'s Beams ſucceed!
How ſhoot they Adverſe, and corrupt the Breed!
The foul ASELLI in his Sphere he draws,
And fierce Unclenches his extended Claws;
By him the Limbs miſhap'd, the Strain is croſt,
The Eyes are almoſt in their Socket loſt;
The Teeth diſcolour'd with a loathſom Jett,
Or widely Gaping, or uneven Set;
Tumours appear, the Back-Bone bow'd within,
Upheaves the Cheſt to meet the hanging Chin;
The huddl'd Piece to Pigmy-ſize is ty'd,
And the lank Arms hang dangling by the Side.

See! Next, the great ALCIDES Trophy riſe,
The fiery *Lion* raging in the Skies;

His

His Pow'r in yellow Locks is ſeen expreſt,
In flaſhing Eyes, and ample Width of Cheſt,
In large and brawny Limbs, in Feature bold,
And Stature of a tall Gigantic Mould.
From him can ought or kind or loveſom flow,
The Terror of *Athenian* Swains below?
'Till HERCULES advanc'd and ſav'd the Land,
A Conqueſt worthy of the Hero's Hand.
So fierce his Rage, that * MY ſerener Reign
Can ſcarce the Fury of his Beams reſtrain;
And when abated by theſe milder Heats,
The *Lion* ſtill obtains, and ſullenly retreats.

Then *Virgo*, faireſt Star, exerts her Light,
And kind ASTREA, Patroneſs of *Right*,
Her Refuge Heav'n, when ſcar'd by brutal Rage,
She fled the bloody World, and Iron Age;

* APOLLO *ſpeaks.*

Faſt by her Side obſerve the *Spike* diſpence
Her friendly Beams, and ſhine in Innocence;
Not JOVE himſelf a purer Flame beſtows,
Or on the Womb with kinder Luſtre glows;
Then ſhall kind *Virgo* bleſs thy promis'd Breed,
And cheriſh ſafe the Vegetative Seed,
Harmonious Shapes, and Airs ſerenely mild,
And Looks of Love ſhall beautify the Child.

From riſing *Libra* equal Beauty glides,
Since VENUS there eternally reſides;
There is her Throne, the GRACES there appear,
Join with their QUEEN, and wanton in the Sphere:
The Goddeſs hence the new-born Infant arms,
And Male and Female glitter in her Charms.
Yet SATURN often with a ſpiteful Gleam
Rebates the Brightneſs of her purer Beam;

His

His Rays o'er other Parts the Reign assume,
And deep encloud them with a dusky Gloom;
But VENUS still more prevalently bright,
Breaks thro' the sullen Horror of his Light;
Preserves the Face, and Silvers it with *White*.

But who can *Scorpio*'s foul Impression view,
The sordid Features, and the sickly Hue?
He fatally unfurls his pois'nous Folds,
And half the Firmament encompast holds;
Red Hair and little Eyes attend his Fates,
The Legs he lengthens, and the Feet dilates;
Such odious Forms the Monster's Birth betray,
Sprung from rude Principles of slimy Clay.

The *Centaur* scatters not so much Disgrace,
Nor will so sure the forming Limbs debase;

CHIRON, who once the great ACHILLES ſway'd,
The Tutor nodded, and the Youth obey'd;
But now that Heav'n he graces, which before
He taught unknowing Mortals to adore.
For if above the parting Waves he ſhow
His Head, or Shoulders, or his *Cretan* Bow,
The happy Star agreeing Traces leaves,
And bleſſes ev'ry Womb which then conceives.
But if he drag the *Horſes Tail* behind,
The brutal part prevails, and proves unkind.

Too well the ſhaggy *Goat*'s dull Flame is known,
Whom griſly SATURN's dire Dominions own:
The Child ſhall prove, beneath their Aſpects got,
From Head to Foot one univerſal Blot.

Fruitful the Drops from *Hyla*'s Pitcher flow,
And cheer the correſponding Womb below;

The

The ſmiling Boy in his Effects is ſhown,
In lovely Charms, and Beauties like his own.

The briny *Fiſhes* laſt compleat the Round,
Thin Humours there, and watry Parts abound;
Small Heads and puny Arms on them depend,
And Shapes which in diſtorted Poſtures bend;
Their Size to Dwarfiſh Littleneſs confin'd,
Seems an imperfect Model of Mankind.

Why ſhould I ſhow the moving Planets Foes,
Or Star to Star, and Sign to Sign oppoſe?
In *Quadrate* how deſtructive they combine,
Friendly in *Sextile*, and Harmonious *Trine*?
Happy, if VENUS, or thou, Father JOVE,
Temper their Influence, and in Concert move;
Then quick the Principles of Being ſhoot,
And bloom, and ripen into lovely Fruit.

The

The Seaſons too obſerv'd of ſov'reign Uſe,
Much to a beauteous Progeny conduce;
Of all, the *Spring*-Embraces beſt ſucceed,
Productive of the ſtrongeſt, ſanguin Breed.
Then *Nature* kindly animates the Earth,
And quickens with an univerſal Birth;
The Air impregnated with fruitful Rays,
Reviving Force and genial Warmth conveys.
But *Summer*-Heats the flowing *Bile* inflame,
And prey too fiercely on the vital Frame;
The Strength ſtill waſting as the Spirits fly,
Defrauded Nature wants a due Supply.
Nor leſs will *Autumn*'s ſickly Turns impair,
Nor the rough raging of a *Wintry* Air.

Thus *Man* miſled by Ignorance or Luſt,
Is to his Kind, and to himſelf unjuſt;

Of

Of Choice regardleſs, he diſdains to know
What *Stars* above, what Seaſons here below,
In Love's ſoft Battles moſt ſucceſsful are,
And ſureſt mark the future Offspring Fair.

APOLLO's Speech the heav'nly Congreſs moves,
And JOVE with a ſuperiour Nod approves;
The *Muſe* by his Command the Rules receives,
And deep engraves them in eternal Leaves.
In *Pindus* long the Treaſure lay unknown,
Till She, who makes my ſacred Song her own,
Theſe Laws before from mortal Eyes conceal'd,
URANIA to her Favourite Bard reveal'd.
Then you, who would a *Father*'s Honour claim,
And hear with Joy the ſoft endearing Name;
Who would bright Patterns of your kind convey,
In Them reviving, as your Selves decay;

Ob-

Obſerve exact the Seaſon and the Hour,
In which each riſing *Sign* exerts its Pow'r;
Attend if SATURN, or the *God* of *War*,
Or JUPITER o'er-rule th' inferiour Star;
Whether the *Sun* on VENUS darts his Fires,
Or with the *Moon* or MERCURY conſpires.

Start not, ye Fair, nor from my Verſe retreat,
Thinking the Study of the Science great;
For all theſe mighty Volumes of the Sky,
Explain'd in ſhort, and eaſy Tables lie;
Fear not to read theſe Precepts, which ſo well
Each Annual common Kalendar can tell.
This gen'ral Rule apply to ev'ry Caſe,
In twice twelve Hours, the whole Ætherial Space
Turns round from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, and finiſhes its Race.

Such

Such Choice there is, when you incline to kiſs,
That you can never want a *Sign* for Bliſs:
Nor is it only proper to impart
How far the heav'nly Syſtem ſuits our Art,
And how the niceſt Time of Joy to chuſe,
Still hear, ye Husbands, my inſtructive Muſe.
"Preſs not your Wives tho' heighth'ned Luſt incite
"The Soul to try the pleaſurable Fight,
"While the *Blood Monthly* ruſhing from the Veins,
"The flowing Womb with foul Pollution ſtains.
For then the Seed unfructifying lies,
Or downward with the blended Torrent flies,
And in the common Maſs of Nature dies;
Vain are thy Hopes, thy Puniſhment is juſt,
And Childleſs thou ſhalt mourn thy forward Luſt.
So the Grain ſcatter'd by the careleſs Clown,
While frequent Show'rs the moiſten'd Furrows drown,

Will no Increaſe, no Golden Harveſt yield,
To load the Barn, and beautify the Field.
But if by Chance the Seeds concurring fix,
And with th' impurer Droſs of Nature mix,
What a deteſted, miſcreated *Thing*,
From ſuch ill-ſuited Principles muſt ſpring?
Foul *Leprous* Spots ſhall with his Birth begin,
Spread o'er his Body, and encruſt his Skin;
For the ſame Poiſon which that Stream contains,
Tranſfer'd affects the forming Infant's Veins,
Inbred it fixes deep, and radically reigns.
For Nature's common Boſom nothing breeds,
That this malignant Female Filth exceeds;
Let this infect the tender nurſling Vine,
Its Beauty withers, and its Arms recline;
On Corn, or blooming Buds the Venom caſt,
They fade, as at the Lightning's fatal Blaſt;

Lick'd

Lick'd by the *Dog* it proves his certain Bain;
And heats to giddy Whirls his madding Brain.
Ye Husbands then ſuch foul Embraces fly,
And tho' provok'd the nauſeous Bliſs deny;
Let Nature for a clean Receiver ſtay,
The Fruit will well reward thy wiſe Delay.
" Ye too, fond Wives, who in Exceſs of Joy
" Snatch at the Bliſs, and Heat, and Strength
" employ,
" Be modeſt; nor to ſhow the *Woman*'s Force,
" Diſgrace the Sex, and ſpoil the Genial Courſe.
The rude Concuſſion of ſuch frequent Strokes
Too much the deſultory Womb provokes;
And thus the vital Tide is backward caſt
Through the ſame Channels, which before it paſs'd.
But if the Womb the fruitful Seed retains,
Compute the worthleſs Product of thy Pains;

The ſhatter'd *Fluid* toſs'd from Side to Side,
Will ſtrain the *Fœtus*, and the Parts divide;
The Threads ſpun out to an unſinew'd Length,
Nor active Spring ſhall boaſt, nor manly Strength.

Forgive me, Nymphs, if by my Subject led
Thro' ev'ry winding Turn, and mazy Thread,
I follow *Nature* to her Fountain-Head.
As I deſcribe, let the purſuing Eye
The Form and Faſhion of the *Womb* deſcry.

Beneath thoſe Parts, where ſtretching to its Bound,
The low *Abdomen* girds the Belly round,
The Shop of Nature lies; a vacant Space
Of ſmall Circumference divides the Place,
Pear-like the Shape; within a *Membrane* ſpreads
Her various Texture of Mæandrous Threads;

Theſe

These draw the Vessels to a pursy State,
And or contract their Substance, or dilate.
Here Veins, Nerves, Arteries in Pairs declare
How nobler Parts deserve a double Care;
They from the Mass the Blood and Spirits drain,
That irrigate profuse the thirsty Plain;
The Bottom of the *Womb* 'tis call'd; the Sides are cleft,
By Cells distinguish'd into Right and Left.
'Tis thought that *Females* in the Left prevail,
And that the Right contains the sprightly *Male*.
A Passage here in Form oblong extends,
Where fast compress'd the stiffen'd *Nerve* ascends,
And the warm *Fluid* with concurring *Flaids* blends.
The *Sages* this the Womb's Neck justly name;
Within the Hollow of its inward Frame,
Join'd to the Parts, a small Protub'rance grows,
Whose rising Lips the deep Recesses close.

For

For while the *Tiller* all his Strength collects,
While Hope anticipates the fair Effects,
The lubricated Parts their Station leave,
And closely to the working Engine cleave;
Each Vessel stretches, and distending wide,
The greedy Womb attracts the glowing Tide,
And either Sex commix'd, the Streams united glide.
But now the Womb relax'd, with pleasing Pain
Gently subsides into it self again;
The Seed moves with it, and thus clos'd within
The tender Drops of Entity begin.
What Joy the Fibres of the Stomach feel,
Long pinch'd with Hunger, at a grateful Meal,
Such tickling Pleasure thro' the Womb is sent,
When first the Particles of Life ferment.
This easy Picture of the Parts explains,
How frequent Motion no effect obtains;

The

The Seed and Pleaſure loſt in eager Strife,
A uſeful Leſſon to the forward Wife.

Moſt Parents Wiſhes in one Channel run,
Moſt think they are not bleſt without a *Son*,
Let ſuch attentive my Preſcriptions read,
That teach to propagate the manly Breed.
Nor do I partial to their Vows incline,
Since *Males* ſupport the Titles of the Line,
And in their Anceſtors tranſmiſſive Glory ſhine.
Tho' ſome to Satire form'd, and born to vex,
Dare impiouſly prophane the ſofter Sex,
As Nature careleſs from her Purpoſe ſtray'd,
And puny Girls by Accident were made;
By this Miſtake her Operation lame,
Unwillingly ſhe huddled up the Frame,
And thence the lovely, charming monſtrous Creature came.

But better Judges ſcorn this idle Dream,
And ſtill ſhall Beauty hold its due Eſteem,
Man ſtill ſhall praiſe, and *Woman* be the Theme.
But yet we muſt our deſtin'd Task purſue,
And tell what Precepts for a *Male* are due;
That a long Race of future Sons may claim
The mighty, venerable, *Regal* Name,
And Honours which on Princely Lines attend,
From Son to Son ſucceſſively deſcend.

The *Sages* grant, what they on Reaſon found,
That Heat and Vigor in the *Male* abound;
This Truth by plain Experiment is ſeen,
In *Man*'s excelling Strength, and portly Mein,
In well-knit Limbs, and cloſer Parts confeſt,
And turgent Spirits heaving in the Breaſt:
This too from their ſuperiour Soul is prov'd,
Unſhock'd by Danger, and by Fear unmov'd;

From Parts to Buſineſs turn'd, from Wit refin'd,
And the long Studies of th' unwearied Mind.
A proper Diet then become thy Care,
A hotter *Regimen* thy Veins repair,
To fill the Blood with a Sublimer Fire,
If to a *Male* thy eager Hopes aſpire.
For all muſt own the Generative Flood
Is form'd, and temper'd from the Maſs of Blood.
Theſe Parts anew the flowing Spirits range,
And to a frothy *White* their Subſtance change.
This may direct thee in the Choice of Meat,
In ſuch as moſt partake of Juice and Heat.
Thus as theſe Springs the lower Veſſels drain
The working Seed may to a *Male* attain.
Yet more, if much thy longing Wiſh incline
To prop with gen'rous *Males* the certain Line;
'Tis fit thou ſhould'ſt thy craving *Genius* treat
With Food of more ſpirituous Parts replete,

The Womb theſe finer Vapours will require,
And ſtill receiving more, will more deſire.
What Foods more aptly to the Work belong
Should be the Subject of my preſent Song;
But Nature in her Courſe, profuſely kind,
Courts ev'ry Taſte, and leaves lame Art behind.
With open Hand her various Bleſſings ſows,
And, unrepenting, all her Good beſtows.
Suffice it only, in a grateful Verſe
Thy joyous Gift, Kind BACCHUS, to rehearſe.
The *Vine* affords the gen'rous ſparkling Juice,
Which will to *Male-Productions* moſt conduce,
That chief, which reddens on *Burgunda*'s Plain,
Where ſcarce the Skins the ſwelling Flood contain;
And the ſweet *Nectar* which *Campania* fills,
Or that which gladdens our *Aſian* Hills.
Hear then, ye Wives, who to a *Male* incline,
Nor bluſh, to heighten your Repaſt with Wine;

And

And let the Spouſe, agreeing in the End,
Drink moderate, and ſocial Glaſſes blend.
For Nature, when ſhe moulded *Woman's* Frame,
Gave Moiſture to her Womb, her Temper, Flame.
And theſe exalted by the *Vinous* Heat,
A proper Mixture for a *Male* complete.
Nor yet too frequent to the Liquor preſs;
The Juice is Noxious taken to Exceſs:
It floats in heavy, and unactive Streams,
And damps the native Heat with ſickly Steams.
Nature, oppreſt, in her Foundation fails,
Too groſs from thence to form the vig'rous *Males*.
Remember, how, once BACCHUS fluſter'd came,
And hot with Wine compreſt the *Cyprian* Dame;
Folding the Goddeſs in his drunken Arms,
Glowing he Kiſt, and Rioted in Charms.
The crude warm Seed thus immaturely wrought,
A foul, obſcene, diſfigur'd Daughter brought,

The GOUT her Name: of pale and ſquallid Face;
Limping ſhe walk'd, and hobbled in her Pace.
Let Prudence then thy flowing Cup reſtrain,
And Golden *Moderation* hold the Rein.
Nor muſt thou only Father BACCHUS ſpare;
Th' *Idalian* Mother asks an equal Care,
Forbear on either bad Extreme to touch,
Kiſs not too often, nor yet *Drink too much*;
If e'er thy eager Wiſhes hope to hear
The Name of *Son* ſound grateful in thy Ear.
For frequent Joys too much the Spirits tire,
And ſpoil that Fuel, which ſhould feed the Fire;
Hence thin and watry Particles they breed,
And *Female* Births betray the weaker Seed.
When VENUS then at Intervals purſu'd,
Has giv'n kind Nature time to work her Food;
When the diſtended Veſſels proudly ſhow
How full within the vital Humours glow;

Then

Then let the Pair my juſt Directions uſe,
And a *Male-Star* for their Embraces chuſe;
They warmeſt influence the Nuptial Bed;
Such Force the *Twins*, the *Ram*, and *Lion* ſhed.
The ſame in CHIRON's lovely *Star* prevails,
In HYLA's *Urn*, and in ASTREA's *Scales*.
Yet more the *Bards* by their URANIA taught,
Have to their uſeful Art the *Planets* brought;
They tell that SATURN, MARS, and warmer JOVE
For a *Male-Offspring*, moſt propitious prove.
And Thou too, PHŒBUS, whoſe reviving Ray
Cheers all Mankind, and gilds the joyous Day;
Then heed the time when JOVE, or PHŒBUS ſhine
In a *Male-Star*, and influence thy Line:
Then Nature's Dictates uſefully purſue,
Then the ſoft Work, the pleaſing Toil renew.
Again; the Morning for a *Male* is beſt,
The Seed maturing in the Time of Reſt,

A firm and well-cemented *Baſis* lays,
From whence the luſty nervous Boys to raiſe.
Nor muſt thou only this thy Care believe,
That the cloſe Womb the fruitful Seed receive.
But when the Streams of either Parent mix'd,
Are in their proper Receptacle fix'd;
Let the *Wife* mindful of the kind Deſign,
Turn to the *Right*, and there at Eaſe recline.
For in that Cell the Seeds of Life begun
Will ſureſt work the *Fluid* to a *Son*.
Who knows not that the *Right* the *Left* excells,
That there ſuperiour Heat, and Vigour dwells;
From thence new Life diſtends each ſinking Vein,
And re-inſpires the languid Pulſe again?
Hence they, who *Nature* with Attention read,
Think from the *Right* the vig'rous *Males* proceed.
Some too, who would advance *the Rules of Love*,
Defective Nature thus by Art improve;

They

They the *left Teſticle* with Force reſtrain,
That Nature may a fuller Stream maintain;
And thro' *the Right* the whole collected Tide
Ruſhing with more Prolific Virtue glide.
So when the *Swains* a luſty Race intend,
That ſcorn beneath the weighty *Toke* to bend;
Soon as the youngeſt of the *Herd* they find,
They faſt the *Left*, and weakeſt Veſſels bind;
And thus ſecur'd, he multiplies his Kind.
Such Care to propagate the *Male* obtains,
And thro' each Species undiſtinguiſh'd reigns.

Why ſhould I more? or why offend the Sight,
With nauſeous Images of foul Delight?
Why paint inverted Acts of luſtful Strife,
The paſſive Husband, and the active Wife?
Why tell from whence miſhapen Births ariſe,
Of Form diſtorted, and enormous Size?

Mon-

Monſters, *Hermaphrodites*, a direful Scene,
Too foul to mention, and for Verſe too mean.
The Muſe appears—and with a modeſt Grace,
A decent Bluſh diffus'd upon her Face,
In gentle Murmurs ſhe her Poet chides,
And far from this ungrateful Subject guides.
Stop thy raſh Pen, and let thy Art appear
Grateful and modeſt to the tender Ear,
And ſuch as Maiden Innocence may hear.
Far from the Secrets of the *Paphian* Quire
Let the unmarried *Bard*, and *Virgin* Muſe retire.

Willing I follow where the *Muſe* invites
Declining VENUS more myſterious Rites.
Next ſing we how the *Fœtus* firſt is wrought,
By rip'ning Time to due Dimenſions brought
And MAN appears a perfect *Maſter-Draught*.

CALLI-

CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK the THIRD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Tokens of Conception. *Precepts to the* Bride *when breeding. The Power of* Imagination. *The* Episode *of* Chiron *the* Centaur. *His* Formation *and* Birth *is deſcrib'd. The Cauſes of this deduc'd from the Principles of the* Epicurean Philoſophy. *Some Errors of the Pregnant, by which the* Embryo *is diſtorted. Deſcription of the Grove of* Elms *on the Banks of the* Sein. *The Danger of too much Riding in a Coach, Dancing,* &c. *The peculiar Effect which the* Small Pox *has in ſpoiling a* Comly *Face.*

LONDON,

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THE

CONDUCT

OF THE

CALLIPÆDIA.

This POEM is divided into FOUR BOOKS.

ARGUMENT of the FIRST BOOK.

The PROPOSITION. *An Invocation of the moſt Beautiful* DEITIES. *The* POET *deduces the Cauſe of* BEAUTY, *according as it is eſteem'd in different Countries by applying the Story of* PANDORA *to his Purpoſe. He ſets down the Conditions of chuſing a fit* PAIR *to procreate a Handſom Offspring, and ends with the approaching*

ing Nuptials. He likewise by Way of Digression inveighs against the Covetousness of the AGE, *which blindly seeks after a large* PORTION *rather than an* AGREEABLE TEMPER *and* CONSTITUTION. *An* Apostrophe *to the present* KING *of* France, *wherein he proposes what kind of* LADY *he would wish him to chuse for his* ROYAL CONSORT, *who might bring him a Beautiful Race of Children.*

ARGUMENT of the SECOND BOOK.

This BOOK *begins with a Relation of the Diversions on the* DAY *of* MARRIAGE; *and touches on the* LAWS *which are to be kept when the Married Couple come together. It gives some* Astrological *Cautions, shewing how conducive the Influence of the* STARS *is, towards the Procreation of* FAIR *Children; and then adjoining some Precepts, which tend to the begetting of a* MALE *Offspring, concludes with the* CONCEPTION.

CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK III.

NOW the ſure Tokens of Conception heed:
A thrilling Joy attends th' ejected Seed;
Th' impetuous Sally of a pleaſing Pain
Invades the Nerves, and ſtretches ev'ry Vein.
The *Months* retain'd, the Womb begins to cloſe,
And from the ſwelling Breaſts a milky Fountain flows.

Then, marry'd Nymphs, imploy your niceſt Care;
If like your ſelves you wiſh an Offspring fair.
Neglect do's oft the hopeful Bud deſtroy,
And blaſts the Promiſe of a comely Boy.

But ſince kind Nature has to me diſplay'd
Thoſe ſweet Receſſes where Mankind is made:
Ye pregnant Matrons, who deſign to ſhun
Thoſe Rocks on which ſome careleſs Wives have run,
Mark me your Pilot: If you ask a Race
Of a hale Body and a beauteous Face,
(The Product of a pure prolific Juice;)
Obſerve the Leſſons of th' inſtructive Muſe.

But you chaſt Siſters of th' *Aonian* Throng,
Who with new Graces have adorn'd my Song;

Forgive

Forgive your Poet, nor his Numbers blame,
If they too often ſound the *Cyprian* Name.
Venus no more with a Laſcivious Smile
Shall Taint my Verſe, and Blot my chaſter Stile.
At *Paphos* let the *Harlot Goddeſs* ſtay,
While modeſt Wives abhor her wanton Way,
Nor ſoil the Beauties of their firſt Eſſay.
For if the Womb then Glow with Luſtful Fire,
And, ev'n tho' Pregnant, rage with freſh Deſire;
Some ſhapeleſs Creature will perhaps proceed
From the ill-tim'd Embrace, and mar the Breed.
Or a too violent Motion may bring forth
A half-begotten, or abortive Birth.
As in the youthful Spring we often ſee
The flowry Bloſſoms on ſome blooming Tree
Which promiſes delicious Fruit, and keeps
The Sanguine Cherry for the Lady's Lips.

But if ſome Wind, or ruder Clown ſhall ſhake
The hopeful Boughs, or tender Branches break,
The Longings of the Teeming Wife are croſt,
And all the early Hopes of Summer loſt.
Ye Husbands then, if Prudence guides, forbear
Your dang'rous Kiſſes to the breeding Fair.
Enough is paid to Love's indearing Charms,
And fatal now becomes the Circle of your Arms.
Laſcivious Goats and Wolves, by Nature wiſe,
When big with Young, the vigorous Leap deſpiſe.

Here ſhould I ſing what neceſſary Food
Suits with the pregnant Dame, and forms a gen'rous Brood;
But I omit: Let *Sammarthanus* tell,
Who on that Subject has preſcrib'd ſo well.

Soon

Soon as the *Fœtus* to the Womb is join'd,
And founds a Temple for th' Immortal Mind.
'Beware, ye Matrons, how with Vapours preſt,
'You form fantaſtic Viſions in your Breaſt.
'Guard well your Eyes from Monſters, and beware
'No *Æſop* or *Therſites* enter there,
'But all diverting Sights, but Pleaſing all and Fair.
For when the Work of Generation grows,
And from the Brain a ſubtle Spirit flows,
Which mingling in the Womb with genial Heat,
Does there the fructifying Humour meet,
With arbitrary Power it ſtamps it there,
And binds th' obedient Maſs the Form impos'd to wear.
But then this Power is often apt to err,
And oft imprints a harſh rude Character.

So

So have I seen the Baker's Hand bestow
All sorts of Figures upon the kneaded Dough.
In Beasts, in Birds, in Men the Paste is drest,
And in ten thousand Shapes adorns the various Feast.
Thus Fancy does the pliant *Fœtus* wind,
Thus makes Impressions on the feeble Mind.

Nor are these Notions fanciful and vain,
No wild *Chimera's* of some Modern Brain;
But the just Lessons of an ancient Age,
By PLUTARCH taught of old, and many a learn'd Sage:
Who knows not, CHIRON, how th' afflicted Earth
Curst thy half-monstrous, and half-human Birth.

When PHILYRA had fir'd old *Saturn's* Blood,
And his chill Veins swell'd with a warmer Flood:
A second Youth return'd, The impatient Sire
Goaded with Lust, and raving with Desire,

For

For the bright Virgin ſpreads each ſubtle Snare,
Tries every Art, to win the tender Fair:
Her, with the Blue-ey'd *Nereids* in her Train,
By chance diſporting on her native Plain,
The *Heav'nly Letcher* ſeiz'd: and bore away
To loneſome, ſhady Groves, the beauteous Prey.
What Sighs! what Groans ſhe ſent! what Tears ſhe ſhed
For her Fame loſt, and ſpotleſs Honour fled!
With piercing Shrieks ſhe moy'd the neighb'ring Shore,
And ecchoing Rocks around were heard to roar:
While with unequal Strength the Nymph withſtood
The rank Embraces of the ſhaggy God.
But the * *Great Mother* with Reſentment ſaw
The faithleſs Breach of Matrimonial Law;
And from above deſcended to deſtroy
Th' adult'rous Kiſſes, and diſhoneſt Joy.

* *Cybele.*

The

The *Goatiſh God* his jealous Wife to 'ſcape,
Drop'd his own Form; and in a Horſe's Shape,
With fearful Voice thro' the thick Foreſt neigh'd:
While to ſad Plaints, beneath ſome Poplar Shade,
Reſign'd the hapleſs and deſerted Maid.
There injur'd ſhe laments her cruel Doom,
And the loſt Honours of her Virgin-Bloom.

Mean time what beauteous Progeny could riſe
From ſo deform'd a Cauſe, and foul Diſguiſe?
Fancy improves the Objects of the Sight,
And takes more ſtrong Impreſſions from a Fright.
Now were her thrice three tedious Months expir'd,
And Nature to diſcharge the full-grown Babe deſir'd.
When an unheard of Prodigy befell;
(How my Heart ſhudders, and recoils to tell!)

Lo!

Lo! from her Womb a horrid Form appears,
With Human Face erect, and ſhaggy Hairs,
With horny Hoofs, and Saddle-back the *Half-Beaſt* Infant ſcares.
Who can expreſs what Terrour and Surprize
Seiz'd on the Mother Nymph, and ſwell'd her Eyes?
When the new Monſter, ignominious Brood!
Call'd to her fluſhing Face the *conſcious* Blood.
Say, ye mild *Nereids*, who from *Ocean* came,
How much you ſuffer'd for your Siſter's Shame?
How, when wrong'd *Phillyra* began to pine,
Your guſhing Tears increas'd your native Brine?
How ſighing Winds, and wailing Waters moan'd,
And pitying Caves, reverberating, groan'd.

And was I born for this, ſhe cry'd, to ſee
A Progeny ſo vile ariſe from me?

Ill the Great Father of the Gods repays
My Loſs of Honour with a Birth ſo baſe.
Be witneſs for me, all ye Powers Divine!
If I have Sin'd, it is no Fault of mine.
O chaſt *Lucina*, wou'd thy angry Dart
In my firſt painful *Throws* had pierc'd my Heart!
Or wou'd ſome inauſpicious Star had ſhed
Malignant Beams on my devoted Head!
Better I ne'er had ſeen th' unwelcome Light
Of hated Day, than this more hated Sight.
Wou'd I——but here a Tyde of Anguiſh ſprung
Looſe on her faultring Lips, and choak'd her Tongue.
More had ſhe ſaid: But ſunk upon the Place;
While a cold Sweat ſtuck on her clammy Face;
Her Roſy Colour fled, and every blooming Grace.

Here

Her frighted Siſters to her Aid repair,
Their Love expreſſing by their timely Care,
And Rich Electral *Spirits* inſtantly prepare:
Theſe Father *Ocean* from his Boſom throws,
To rouze the drooping Soul, when ſunk with Woes.
Which, mixt with Cordial Juice, remove the Smart
Of anxious Minds, and chear the drooping Heart.
To Life return'd, the Nymph again complains,
To Grief recover'd and reſtor'd to Pains.

Oft was ſhe heard to curſe the joyleſs Light,
And wiſh her Shame hid in eternal Night.
Till ſtealing through her Limbs, a gentle Sleep
Does in ſoft Chains her wearied Body keep.
With various Figures of a pleaſing Kind,
Her Brain refreſhes, and regales her Mind.

But, as in ſweet Repoſe ſhe ſlumbring lay,
Fatigu'd with the ſad Buſineſs of the Day;
An *airy Nymph* appear'd, whoſe ſplendid Show
Out-ſhone the Colours of Heav'n's *gaudy Bow.*
Phantaſia hight, who, with laſcivious Pride,
By Twin *Camelions* drawn, does gaily ride.
Sometimes her *Pygmy Littleneſs* Delights,
And ſometimes her *Gygantic Stature* frights.
Now like the Day ſhe ſhines with ſilver Rays,
Now a black Night deforms her ſooty Face.
Round her all Natures various *Species* ſtand,
And follow her *unlimited* Command.
A Sea rowls on with harmleſs Fury here,
Strait 'tis a Field, and Trees and Herbs appear.
Here in a Moment are vaſt Armies made,
And a quick Scene of War and Blood diſplay'd.

At

At laſt from different Forms *Phantaſia* took
A chearful Air, and with a jocund Look,
In Words like theſe the ſleeping Fair beſpoke.

Enough of Tears: O *Phillyra*, forbear
To vex thy lovely Cheeks, and golden Hair.
Dry up thoſe Eyes, from which alone proceed
Thy numerous Woes, and this *unnatural* Breed.
Oft have they fright'd *Saturn* to your Brain,
With hideous Neighings, and a ſpreading Main;
And oft have I (who all Complexions ſhew,
And paint all *Species* to th' internal View)
His hairy Limbs Thee meditating ſeen,
And dwelling on his Form with penſive Mien.
When, ruſtling thro' the Wood, with winged Hoof
He flew amain, to ſhun his injur'd Wife's
Reproof.

And Thee, deflower'd, to thy Woes reſign'd,
Revolving his foul Image in thy Mind;
Whence to a Human Head, a Horſe's Back was join'd.

But if, when pregnant, thou hadſt thought aright,
Nor forc'd me to depaint this odious Sight:
A pure, unblended Offspring had been Thine,
With Heav'nly Beauty grac'd, and Shape Divine.
Yet, *hapleſs Nymph*, to mitigate Thy Smart,
And eaſe with Comfort Thy afflicted Heart:
Not wholly loſt to Hope, enjoy Thy Woe;
Oft from black Clouds the Beams of *Phœbus* flow,
And oft reviving Joys from paſt Misfortunes grow.

Hear then, what I, preſcious of coming Fate,
Nor always feigning idle Dreams, relate.
Thy preſent Sorrows, this *prodigious Boy*
Shall largely recompence with future Joy.

When

When, in the full Maturity of Age,
His prudent Hand ſhall write Life's manly Page;
Then ſhall his vaſt, ſurprizing *Genius* ſhine,
All Eyes amazing, as his Birth does Thine.
He ſhall the Level of Mankind diſdain,
And ſpeak and think above a Human Strain.
His ſearching Mind ſhall Nature's Wealth explore
Her inmoſt Rooms, and undiſcover'd Store.
Of Earth and *Ocean* ſhall the Secrets know,
Of Plants and Herbs, and for what Uſe they grow,
Of Metals, Gems, and all the *living World* below.
Nor thus contented with a narrow Flight,
From the ſcorn'd Globe ſhall ſoar, and leſſening to the Sight,
Shall Heav'n's bright Volumes read, and ſcan each ſtarry Light.
Nor ſhall his hairy Hyde, and Shape ſo foul,
Diſgrace his lofty and ſagacious Soul.

Thetis,

Thetis, the Seed of *Nereus*, ſhall prepare
Her own *Achilles* for thy Offspring's Care.
His Skill the youthful Hero ſhall inſpire
To rule the fiery Steed, and touch the tuneful Lyre.
His *martial Pupil* ſhall his Youth imploy
In Arms, and, when betray'd to War, deſtroy
Dardanian Towers, and *Priam*'s lofty *Troy*.
Then, when thy *Chiron*'s *mortal half* ſhall die,
His Soul ſhall mount aloft, and ſparkle in *the Sky.
She ſaid, and ſtrait diſſolv'd to empty Air,
Her *Phantoms* with her fled, and left the waking Fair.
She now reliev'd, from her tormenting Pains,
Feels a new Life rekindle in her Veins.
Her lazy Blood flows with a briſker Stream,
Her Strength recover'd by the pleaſing Dream,

Whoſe

* Chiron *after his Death was made a Conſtellation, call'd* Sagittary.

Whose healthy Joys her better Mind restore,
Her Heart, which ruffling Storms had vex'd before,
Is all a gentle Calm, tumultuous now no more.
Wak'd from deep Thinking, she begins to find
Light to her Eyes, and Comfort to her Mind.
But since an Object, which disturb'd her Sight,
Produc'd this length of Woes, and sad affright:
Her Eyes no more Survey the monstrous Whale,
With spouting Jaws, and huge extended Tail.
The slimy † *Phocæ*, basking on the Shore,
Or sailing on the Deep, delight no more.
The wanton *Dolphins* now her Senses shock,
And various PROTEUS with his scaly Flock;
Or bloated *Tritons*, who, with rattling sound
Of Coral, shake the wat'ry World around.

† *The* Phoca, *is an Amphibious Animal, and breeds on Land.*

Taught by Experience of her paſt Diſgrace,
She ſhuns the Converſe of the Finny Race.
None but Bright Objects, her peculiar Care;
Young Blooming *Nereids* her Companions are,
Sea-born, like VENUS, and like VENUS, fair.

If then, ye Matrons, who Conceive, deſign
A future Offſpring, which may grace your Line:
Let not your Fancy at all Objects fly,
But keep ſtrict Reins upon your roving Eye.
Shun every Thing which Shocks your Senſe, and View
Ingenuous Looks alone of ſhining Hew.
If for a Boy with comely Face you long,
See the *Bright God*, who from *Latona* ſprung,
APOLLO, ever Fair, and ever Young.
Or view ALEXIS, whom the *Mantuan* Swain
Purſu'd with fruitleſs Love, and mournful Strain.

But,

But, if a Progeny of Female Race,
With unreſiſted Charms, and lovely Grace;
Delight you more: the *Paphian Goddeſs* view,
Such as the Pencil of fam'd TITIAN drew:
Or DANAE's alluring Looks behold,
While *Genial* JOVE deſcends in Liquid Gold.

Or if a Beauty of the Modern Age
Shall your Attention and Delight engage;
To my fair PHYLLIS let your Eyes incline;
For fair SHE was, or ſuch SHE ſeem'd to mine.
When Her unhappy Love my Heart poſſeſt,
And ſcorch'd with furious Flames my burning Breaſt.
O, with what Bloom, what Flower of Youth, ſhe ſhone!
How Her Cheeks bluſh'd a Colour, all Her own,
A genuine Red, like Roſes newly blown!

What Nymph with Pallas could pretend to vie
A whiter Forehead, or a livelier Eye?
Whose Frame was, like the World: An eloquent Soul
Spoke in each Part, and sparkl'd thro' the Whole.
Each Limb did wanton *Loves* and *Graces* bear;
There lodg'd their Arms, their Bows and Arrows there.

But oh! On what imperceptible Strings
Depends th' inconstant Fate of Human Things!
That Face, in which the Gods might take delight,
Is now grown hideous, and forbids the Sight.
With cruel Scythe, inexorable Time,
Mows down her Youthly Bloom, and Beauty's Prime.

Now wrinkly Age begins to draw his Plow
On that once-Smooth, once-Snowy, spacious Brow.
Now, where her Teeth took up their Ivory seat,
Is all an empty Space, or Scene of Jet.

Her

Her Head, which once with golden Treſſes ſhone,
Is ſilver'd o'er with Hairs but thinly ſown:
And now the Flame, which on my Marrow preys,
Begins to languiſh; and the Heat's decay'd.
PHYLLIS no more can now her Charms employ,
But damps Deſire, and frights the *Cyprian* Boy.
Deform'd, ſhe cures the Wound her Beauty gave,
And She, whoſe Eyes could kill me, now can ſave.
Since then the Honours of her Face are loſt,
Shun her, ye Pregnant, as a living Ghoſt.
Left with her ſight your Fancy be defil'd,
And fix her horrid Image on the coming Child.

And now let CHARICLÆA's Birth be ſung,
Who from an *Æthiopian* Mother ſprung.
Her *ſooty Sire* was ſtounded at the ſight,
With all his ſwarthy Lords, in deep affright,
To ſee the new-born Babe *deform'd* with milky white.

For

For as PERSINA cherish'd in her Womb
The growing *Heros*, in the Royal room
The Picture of * ANDROMEDA was seen,
Painted with snowy Brow, and comly Mien.
Which while the Mother with a greedy view
Intent devour'd, White *Images* she drew.
From whence a Birth of unknown Whiteness came,
A Colour, devious from the Royal Stem.

But who can any Cure or Comfort bring,
Where Jealousie has stuck her pois'nous sting?
Th' afflicted Monarch thinks his Bed defil'd,
And wreaks his Malice on the harmless Child.

Th'

---

* *Here seems to be a Mistake of the Author, who makes* Andromeda *of a* White *Complexion, whereas she was the Daughter of* Cepheas *King of* Æthiopia; *and if she was a Beauty, she must be a* Black *one, according to* Ovid:

Candida si non sum, placuit Cepheia Perseo
Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suæ.

Ep. Sappho to Phaon.

Th' unknowing tender Babe is now resign'd
To raging Billows, and each boist'rous Wind:
From Dangers to repeated Dangers toss't,
To all, but Providence's Favour, lost:
What shapes of Death she saw! what Hazards bore!
Pursu'd where'er she flies, to Sea and Shore,
By angry Tempests, but a Father more.
Till learn'd SEISMETHRES, in Nature skill'd,
A sage *Gymnosophist*, the Cause reveal'd.
From whence that strange degenerate Colour rose,
Which foil'd with White th' unhappy Daughter's Brows.
How some fair Object of a sim'lar kind
Work'd on her pregnant Mother's longing Mind.
The King was pleas'd with his convincing Sense,
Which vindicated injur'd Innocence.

But

But tho', O *Meroe*'s Priest, you reason right,
That such an Object, working on the sight,
Stamp'd this Complexion on the Virgin's Face,
New, and abhorring from her Father's Race:
Yet, since you leave us in the dark to know
How *Images*, which on our Vision flow,
Are with such Force indu'd, and Power so
strange,
Sufficient to produce this wondrous Change;
This my inquiring Muse presumes to tell,
And solve mysterious Nature's Miracle!

Nor am I chain'd to ARISTOTLE's Rules,
So often prated in the wrangling Schools.
To me his vain Opinions dark appear,
And want a stronger Light to make them clear.
Me, EPICURUS, in thy Walks admit,
To raise my Fancy, and improve my Wit.

The

The pureſt Knowledge in Thy Garden Springs,
In that, the hidden Principles of Things.
Thence will I take my Flight and numerous Strain,
And fear no Errour in a Path ſo plain.
Our own GASSENDUS ſhall direct my View,
For the Terraqueous Globe is his *Purlieu*.
He chaſes Nature, whereſoe'er ſhe Flies,
O'er Earth and Seas, in Air or Starry Skies.
In vain Her Swiftneſs would aſſiſt the Dame,
Hot in purſuit of Wiſdom, and of Fame,
His penetrating Mind o'ertakes the Noble Game.

FIRST, look around: Whatever meets your Eye,
In the wide Univerſe of Earth and Sky,
Scatters ſmall Atoms in the ambient Air,
Scal'd from each Body, and Whirl'd here and there

In a continual Fluor: These we call
The Elements of Things, which form'd this All.
These, with Swift violent Motion, wander o'er
Each Sense, and penetrate the smallest Bore.
But think not here, by these continual Flows,
That a Corporeal Object lesser Grows;
For that Deficiency, and quick Decrease,
Of Subtile Bodies, is supply'd with Ease
A new Accession does the waste repay,
With Atoms Subtile and as fine as They.
These *Images* are so concise and fine,
That were it possible for you to joyn,
And heap together, all which in the Air
Have fluctuated for a hundred Year,
They scarce would by the naked Eye be read,
Or Spin a little Spider's smallest Thread.
Nor do they less outstrip in rapid Flight,
The dancing Sun-Beams, and the nimble Light,

And

And the swift Planets of th' Æthereal World;
With such a strong Velocity they're hurl'd.

Those which from fair and comely Objects fly,
By their own Smoothness please th' affected Eye:
Thro' the Sight's Pores round its Globules float,
And the charm'd Senses a strange Pleasure feel:
With secret Joy the Soul it self is fill'd,
And with th' agreeable *Idæas* pleas'd.
Which wand'ring from the Eyes by Ways unknown,
O'er the soft Bowels and warm Heart is thrown,
And mingling in the Womb the fair *Idæ*'s form,
By which kind Nature models her Delight:
With forming Hand the Works each beauteous
Line,
And all delightful Things in the Composure
joyn.

But

But if th' *Idols* from foul Figures rise,
Their roughness Shocks the Soul, and Wounds the Eyes.
And, as with Spears, which grow from bladed Corn,
Invade the Mind, and make the Senses mourn.
Whence strange Dislike surprizes every Part,
And fills with Horrour the recoiling Heart;
Which, thus Contract, does th' ill-formed Image throw
Into the Womb, and there th' unpleasing Figure sow.
By which Direction, Nature shapes her Aim,
Distorts the Limbs, or does the Piece Defame
With Features most Deform'd, the weeping Mother's Shame.
And, as we learn by Experience daily,
If a vile Body cloth as vile a Mind,

The World, which by the Looks does Actions ſcan,
Will in the Child condemn the future Man.

Nor wonder, that the *Fœtus* ſhould become,
So pliant to Impreſſions in the Womb;
And yet the Mother ſhould untouch'd eſcape,
Retain her Beauty ſtill, and comely Shape.
For, as young Fruits, which on the Tree depend,
Maturing, may the loaded Branches bend,
Yet are no equal Combat to repell
The Shocks of roaring Winds, and ratling Hail:
Nor can the Buffets of a Storm defy,
Like the tough Trunk, which dares the angry Sky.
So ſoft the *Fœtus*, can ſo quickly feel,
Obnoxious to receive the ſlighteſt Ill.

'Tis certain then, this *Image* does remain,
For Nine Months ſpace, deep rooted in the Brain:

And

And this alone does frequently Controul
The beauteous Labour of the forming Soul.
True: Nature, entring on her juſt Deſign
To build an Human Frame, a Work Divine!
After long Study, does at laſt begin
To Weave the Bowels of the Male within.
And then to Knit the various Limbs proceeds,
And with firſt Blood the recent Veſſels feeds.
Her next peculiar Care is, to ſupply
With Fleſh, the well-join'd Arms, and ſhewy Thigh.
Laſt, with th' extended Skin's becoming Grace,
She ſpreads the Forehead, and adorns the Face.
Now well ſecure your Thoughts, nor look too near,
Or ſteddily, on what may Coſt you dear;
For, you may, diſſonant Impreſſions take,
From Nature's Law, and mar the beauteous Make.

Nor is't enough to Sooth your longing Sighs
With only what Affects you with Delight;
Or from uncouth, unsightly Things to run,
You must in modester, frequent Dancings shun,
And take peculiar Caution how you move,
Too Violent, when you first Conception prove;
Or when the *Embryo*, lab'ring to break forth,
Shall give true Promise of th' approaching Birth.
For in both Times, the *Fetus* in suspence,
Cleaves to the Womb by slender *Ligaments*,
And, if a Matron, who would fain excell,
For a light nimble Heel, and Dancing well,
Shall at such Time, delight to throw aside
Her spreading Arms, and Skim along the Ground,
She's justly Punish'd, if from thence proceed,
Or an Untimely, or misshapen Breed.
As a young teeming Nymph, who, by a Strain
In Dancing, struggled with a wrecking Pain;

Sent

Sent for the † *Coan* Sage, (than whom was found
None more in the * *Chironian* Art renown'd)
Who told her, whence she was so sadly croſt,
And the first Promiſe of an Offspring loſt;
How too much Motion, and too violent Speed,
Had kill'd the Product of th' enliv'ning Seed;
When the Formation was but juſt begun,
And the thin Thread of Life but newly Spun.
So, if a Matron, Eight Months gone with Child,
Dance, like a *Bacchanalian*, looſe, and wild,
She ſurely brings the Birth before the Time,
And dearly Suffers for her fooliſh Crime.
What Man can then endure th' undecent Sight,
Who, at a Ball, on ſome Rejoycing Night,
A pregnant Lady in the Dance beholds,
And mutual Arms lock'd in alternate Folds?

Yet

† Hippocrates, *a famous Phyſician, born in the Iſland* Cos.

* Chiron, *firſt found out the Art of* Phyſic.

Yet tho' my Muſe the breeding Fair would fright
From thoſe Diverſions, which her Sex delight,
She ſhould not therefore to Inaction lean,
But follow Reaſon, and her *Golden Mean*.
For both Extremities alike diſpleaſe,
Immoderate Motion, or immoderate Eaſe.
Sloth, with groſs Humours, loads the racy Blood,
And choaks the Paſſage of the vital Flood;
That ſprightly Virtue and ingenit Heat,
Which ſhould the *Fœtus* in juſt Form complete,
Oppreſt by Inactivity, retire,
Unable to exert their generous Fire.

But well-us'd Exerciſe will chear the Mind,
And free the Spirits, which have ſlept confin'd
Beneath a ſluggiſh Heap of miſty Fumes,
Till the Soul wakes, and all her Native warmth reſumes.

Hence the *young Pris'ner in the Womb* transpires
With greater Freedom, and found Health acquires,
Well-limb'd and Hale, when stranger to the Day
On the World's Stage he makes Life's first Essay.

But what Diversion, by the Rules of Art,
What gentle Labour will the Muse impart,
The Joynts to supple, and inlarge the Heart?
Whether, to slacken and unbend her Care,
The pregnant Matron to the Fields repair,
In Coach, or open Chaise, imbibe the Morning
Air.

Where chiefly the tall *Elms* in shady Rows,
Not to bleak *Winds* nor burning *Suns* expose.
Where silver *Sequana*'s indulgent Tyde
Does *Paris* with his glassy Streams divide,
Inriching, as he flows, each thirsty Meadow's
Side.

O! with what ſecret Joy the Heartſtrings Dance,
To ſee the blooming Youth, and Flow'r of *France*,
In ſparkling Numbers o'er the Park advance.
To taſte new Pleaſures, and new Pleaſures bring,
When on the Plain the winged Courſers ſpring,
And flying Chariots kindle in the Ring.

Here a young Lord of wond'rous Hopes behold,
Drawn in a ſplendid Coach, adorn'd with Gold.
His Garb all killing, and each Gem a Dart
Which finds a Paſſage to the Lady's Heart.
Down on his Ivory Neck the flowing Hair,
And ſilver Plumes, which nod and ſport in Air,
Command the Paſſion, and ingage the Fair.

There ſhines a Nymph, of more than Human
Race,
With genuine Beauty, and unborrow'd Grace,
And flaſhes, as ſhe flies, in each Admirer's Face.
Her Eyes all Flaming, and her riſing Breaſt
Courting the Hand, and ſuing to be preſt.
Her, the pleas'd Lover, proſtrately, adores,
And to the Goddeſs his beſt Wiſhes pours.
She with a Smile his Compliment returns,
And cools the fev'riſh Flame, with which he burns.

Becoming pleaſurable Sights, like theſe,
Will ſooth the Senſes, and the Pregnant pleaſe;
But when bent homeward ev'ry Coach retires,
And the Diverſion with the Day expires,
Then each *Automedon*, with furious Speed,
Drives on the kindling Wheels, and Whips the
foaming Steed, Looſens

Looſens his Reins, and fearing to be Late,
Contends to be the foremoſt at the Gate.
He puſhes forward, eager to diſplace
His Fellow-Driver in the rapid Race.
Hence the ſoft Nymph a ſecret Horrour feels,
From an ungrateful Din of craſhing Wheels.
Hence an unlucky Fall unveils to Sight,
What her chaſte Garments would conceal from Light;
Misfortune's Crime! The frighted Virgin ſhrieks,
Mourns her bruis'd Forehead, or her bleeding Cheeks,
Or ſwelling Eyes, which oft, alas! diſgrace
The budding Honours of her injur'd Face.
Therefore, O Pregnant, with a cautious Care,
Thoſe dangerous Strifes and Rivalries beware:
With Pride let others in the Front appear,
Take thou the ſafe Diſhonour of the Rear.

For

For grant, your Coach unhurt, your Self ſecure,
Yet where's the Harm in being *ſlow and ſure?*
Perhaps the Fear of falling will bring forth
A worſe Misfortune, an Abortive Birth.
For when the Blood ſhall with a ſudden Start,
Run to the Caverns of the Womb and Heart,
A chilling Fear will all your Hopes defeat,
Whoſe Icy Flood deſtroys the forming Heat.

If then you would not willingly Deſpair,
Of a fine Offspring, or a beauteous Heir,
The Ring, where rattling Chariots run, forbear.
In flow'ry Meads, and ſilent Fields be ſeen,
Haunt the neat Garden, or the pleaſing Green,
And taſte ſalubrious Air, and *Zephyr*'s Breath
Serene.

But

But whither ſhall the Pregnant Lady run,
The biting Cold, and nipping Froſt to ſhun?
When *Northern* Winds the Lakes and Rivers freeze,
Uncloath the Meadows, and diſrobe the Trees.
Shall She at Home, like a *Recluſe*, confin'd,
Mock the vain Malice of the pinching Wind?
And wedded to a cloſe warm Room deſpiſe
The dreadful Seaſon, and inclement Skies?
I grant it Proper, in a cover'd Place,
Secure from Cold, to paſs the wintry Days,
And breed a jolly, ſtrong and healthy Race.
But in the keeneſt Winters we behold,
Some Sprinklings of the *Sun*'s refreſhing Gold,
When, the *Winds* ſhun, from the Sky he gleams,
And ſparingly bellows his ſmiling Beams;
Then may the Pregnant to her Neighbours roam,
And chearfully reſign her cloſer Home:

Return

Return a Viſit, and, o'er harmleſs *Tea*,
Or ſprightly *Wine*, be jocular and free.
Beguile the Minutes, till approaching Night,
In merry Tales, and innocent Delight.
And, which the Muſe ſhould have preſcrib'd before,
Firſt, the *Great Father* of all Things adore,
Through him thy Womb conceiv'd, his heavenly Pow'r,
Preſerves the *Fœtus* till the promis'd Hour.
Frequent his Church, thy beſt Devotions Pay,
And Holy Off'rings on his Altars lay,
Imploring, that the future *Maid* or *Boy*,
May all their Hours religiouſly employ,
Do Actions worthy of an honeſt Fame,
Till the Soul quit the Body's weakned Frame,
Returning to the Sky, from whence it came.

From

From the firſt Moment you Conception find,
Obſerve theſe Rules, and hoard them in your Mind.
Till, gathering Strength, and ripening into Birth,
The young Increaſer of the peopled Earth,
Starts from the *Barriers* of the Womb to run
The Race of Life, when his firſt Thread is Spun.
And when, by racking Pangs the Mother torn,
The full-grown Infant labours to be Born,
And ſtruggling into Air, explores his Way
For more extended Room, and larger Day:
Then chiefly, then your niceſt Care employ,
Nor ſpoil the Figure of the coming Boy,
Nor with diſtorted Limbs the beauteous Work deſtroy.
His little Joynts are pliant to Command,
Tender, and waxen to the moulding Hand.
Then the leaſt want of Caution, or of Skill,
May ſwell the Shoulders with a riſing Hill,

With crooked Knees, or ill-turn'd Shape debaſe
Th' imperfect Praiſe of a well-featur'd Face.
If tow'rd the opening Womb the Infant bend
His forward Feet, or either Hand extend,
Or Back obverted to the Face expoſe,
And double the tormented Mother's Throws,
Let the wiſe Midwife's gentle Hand reſtrain
The dangerous Errour, and relieve her Pain.
The tortur'd Matron of her Load diſcharge,
And from his Priſon the new Babe inlarge.
Compoſe his Frame, and ſo your Art apply,
That his Head firſt Salute the Upper Sky.
In every Birth the Head firſt viſits Day;
'Tis Nature's Rule, which all born Things obey.

And now the Mother, when her Griefs are done,
Sees her fair Self in a delicious Son.

The

The lawful Iſſue of the Nuptial Bed,
Muſt now be cheriſh'd, and in Cradle laid.
Here let the careful Nurſe, with eaſie Hand,
Bind round his Waſte the Purple Swadling Band.
Leſt ſhe Deform the ſoft and lovely Boy,
And daſh th' expecting Parents future Joy.
For, at his Entrance in Life's early Scene,
Too tight a Swathing will Diſtort his Mien.
And the baſe World with a malicious Sneer
Will the foul Burthen on his Shoulders jeer.

Beſides, if for your Offspring you deſire
To keep his Native Elegance entire,
You muſt with ſpeedy Remedies diſplace
Thoſe Foes, which oft invade the Childiſh Race.
Chiefly the *Meaſles* and *Small Pox* beware,
Thoſe *Goths* and *Vandals* to the tender Fair.

Which Plant thick Ulcers, and young Beauty blight
With pimpled Sores, ungrateful to the Sight.
Strait for Relief to ſome MACHAON fly,
Leſt a foul Scar affect the ſparkling Eye,
Or Noſe, or roſie Cheek, or dimpled Chin,
Or roughen the ſmooth Surface of the Skin.
How did AMINTA, in her flow'ry Spring,
Shine in the Box, and Sparkle in the Ring?
Who could alas! Her numerous Graces tell,
E're to this Plague a Sacrifice ſhe fell?
What *Lillies* from her Forehead did it tear,
And kill'd the little Loves which ſported there?
Not CYTHEREA could of late compare
With GALATEA's Smiles, and winning Air:
What Hecatombs of Lovers would ſhe Slay,
Till ſhe became this Tyrant's mournful Prey!
Who with Devoted, Sacrilegious Arms,
Rob'd her bright Temple of a thouſand Charms,

Her

Her dented Cheeks, where Roſes grew before,
And dropping Eyes, diſtribute Death no more.
DAPHNIS was once the Beauty of the Plain,
Till this Contagion ſeiz'd the lovely Swain.
How was He Courted! How the Idol grown,
Of the Fair Sex; and darling of his own!
DAPHNIS the Breaſt of each Beholder fir'd,
DAPHNIS alone the longing Nymphs deſir'd;
But now they Pity, whom they once Admir'd.
But this is foreign to the Poet's Art,
This pious Care is the Phyſician's Part;
Who can endure my Raſhneſs, or Excuſe
The bold Preſumption of my daring Muſe?
Unequal to the Province ſhe reſigns
The Charge to SAMMARTHANUS learned Lines.
Nor will ſhe tread where he has gone before,
But ſtand Aloof, and ſilently Adore.

If them, ye Matrons, you affect to know
From whence these Spots, the worst of Judgments,
flow.
If from a beauteous Face you would remove
Those Stains, which damp the Sparks of kindling Love;
Read what the Rules of SAMMARTHANUS tell,
And hourly on his useful Pages dwell.
Not indigent of Fame, with happy flight,
His Wings have reach'd *Parnassus* double Height;
All *Helicon* flows in his Strains Divine,
Rowls with luxuriant Streams in every Line,
While whole APOLLO's Beams in his bright Numbers shine.

And now 'tis time to Bait, and kindly Chuse
Some small Refreshment for the breathing Muse:
She, who incourag'd by *Phœbean* Heat
Soar'd with no vulgar Wing to th' Gods upper Seat,
Who

Who, with disdainful Smile, but now Survey'd
The subject Clouds, and Earth's inferiour Shade,
Now courts soft Quiet, and the pleasing Glade.
But if by Chance the *Goddess* shall return,
And my warm Breast with a new PHŒBUS burn,
I may hereafter feel my self inclin'd,
To sing the Nuptials of the beauteous MIND,
And an unblemish'd SOUL to a fair BODY joyn'd.
For who can bear the foul, forbidding Sight
Of well-born Beauty, warping from the Right,
Prowling with greedy and dishonest Eyes,
For Scenes of Lust, Debauchery, and Vice?
Should Souls, descending from a Heavenly Race,
With low Desires their lofty Birth Disgrace?
But the wild Madness of this *Iron Age*
Is undeserving of th' instructive Page,
The World has banish'd, as an Idle Name,
The love of *Virtue*, and the fear of *Shame*.

'Tis

'Tis hard among a Thouſand now to find
One with inconcted Honeſty of Mind.
Since FRANCE with endleſs Wars familiar grown,
Adopted Forreign Manners for her own.
Ye *Guardian* GODS, Diſtributers of Fate,
Ye watchful *Angels* of th' *Hetforean* State!
If e're the GALLIC Glory was your Care,
Hold your Commiſſion'd Anger, and forbear,
Remove your Sword, and the griev'd Nation ſpare!
Huſh the loud *Trumpets*, bid the *Drum* be Mute,
And Kingdoms liſten to the ſofter *Lute*.
So golden PEACE ſhall ſpread her downy Wings,
ARTS ſhall return, the Favourites of KINGS,
And LAURELS flouriſh to Reward what the bold
POET ſings.

CALLI-

CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK the FOURTH.

The ARGUMENT.

of Virtue; *which is more Amiable when it proceeds from a* Fair *Body. The Beauty both of the* Male *and* Female *Mind, which ſprings from the Power of the* Underſtanding *and* Will. *The Difference of the* Italian *and* French *Genius. Reflections on* Noblemen, *who ſuffer their* Sons, *when they have ſcarce come from their* Tutors, *to mingle themſelves in all Companies without Diſtinction. Of* Travel. *This* Book *concludes with a* Poetical *Prophecy of the* Pyrenæan *Peace, then juſt on Foot, from whence the* Author *promiſes Felicity to the* Muſes, *and a right Uſe of his* Callipædia.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year MDCCXII.

CANCELLED

CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK IV.

WHY muſt the penſive Muſe her
Labours ceaſe,
Forget her grateful Toil, and ruſt in
Eaſe?
Shall *Phœbus*, in perpetual Slumbers dream,
Heedleſs of Verſe, and a more noble Theme?

Thus far the Song of Love and Pleaſure treats,
To bleſs the Iſſue of the lawful Sheets,
To form the envy'd Pride of either Sex,
And mould proportion'd Limbs, and paint the
Blooming Cheeks:
A greater Task remains to crown the Whole,
The innate Virtues of a ſpotleſs Soul.
How lovely are the Graces of the Mind,
With Heav'nly Forms, and youthful Beauty joyn'd!

Thou, Goddeſs, whom no guilty Paſſions move,
Sprung from the teeming Brain of chaſter *Jove*,
To whoſe bleſt Influence, Mankind below,
Ingenuous Arts, and virtuous Manners owe,
Aſſiſt the Song; the Theme is all Divine;
May ev'ry Thought, and ev'ry Word be Thine.

The

The Muſe no more the wanton Lay approves,
Or tells of youthful Toys, and ſofter Loves:
Warm'd with a brighter Spark of Heav'nly Fire,
She ſees the frowning *Cupids* all retire.
(Fond Joys may pleaſe awhile, but end in Shame;
A ſmoaky Stench ſurrounds the guilty Flame:
The noiſom Fires, at beſt, obſcurely burn,
And the groſs Fuel will to Aſhes turn.)

When firſt *Prometheus* did ſtol'n Life convey,
And warm'd with ſacred Fires the moulded Clay,
Man walk'd Erect, with a Majeſtic Grace,
And Heav'nly Bloom adorn'd his ſmiling Face:
A Ray Divine, pluck'd from th' immortal Skies,
Shone in his Cheeks, and ſparkled in his Eyes.
But ſoon the Wretch fell from a juſter Pride,
Tho' to primæval Light, and Heav'nly Spheres
ally'd;

Still

Still querulous, and prone to vain Complaint,
He talks of trifling Ills, and fancy'd Want:
That Heav'n regards his Happineſs the leaſt,
More juſt to Brutes, and kind to ev'ry Beaſt.
With fruitleſs Diſcontent the fond Ingrate
Blaſphemes the Gods, and blames indulgent Fate;
And thinks it hard, that Man (the Lord of All)
Should from the warmer Womb, a *Naked Infant*, crawl.

What, tho' my Mind (ſays he) with Notions fraught,
Boaſts an unlimited Extent of Thought;
And tho' ambitious Hopes, and vaſt Deſires
Confeſs a Soul ting'd with immortal Fires,
If I muſt be a rude unfiniſh'd Sketch,
By Nature form'd, and born a helpleſs Wretch?

Man

Man, the kind Womb, by Force, unwilling leaves,
And with just Tears th' untimely Exit grieves;
Heav'n no Defence to him, no Cov'ring gives,
And thus the hard, cold Earth the shivering Babe receives.
While the blest Brutes, tho' form'd of courser Mold,
Are not expos'd to Famine, or to Cold;
Less Miseries attend th' ignoble Birth,
Tho' their dull Souls bend down their Looks to Earth,
They by unerring Instinct, all are taught,
Ills to be shun'd, and Pleasures to be sought.
No outward Force the fearless Savage harms,
Bold with his Strength, and fenc'd with Native Arms.
On ev'ry Hide, thick, shaggy Ringlets grow
That dare the Club, and mock the coming Blow.

The vigorous Bull the fierce Aſſailant ſcorns,
And paws the Ground, and ſets his bending Horns.
The ſcaly Fiſh ſport in their native Sea,
And thus ſecur'd, they force the liquid Way.
The Birds on Wings well-pois'd, with emulous Pride,
Race thro' aerial Tracks, and cut the yielding Void.
The pregnant Earth each worthleſs Inſect treats
With ready Viands, and unlabour'd Meats.
While ſhe on hated Man no Food beſtows,
But got by weary'd Limbs, and ſweating Brows.
Beſide that heav'nly Spark, and active Fire,
That do's ſound Sence, and ſolid Worth inſpire;
That innate Reaſon, we ſo greatly boaſt,
Is oft by Ignorance dull'd, by Paſſion croſt,
In winding Doubts, and mazing Errors loſt:

When

When first the Wretch a ſlumb'ring Infant lies,
No Gleams of Thought, no Starts of Paſſion riſe:
The Notions all are ſullied, and diſpers'd,
While the ſad Mind, in groſſer Clay immers'd,
In Darkneſs ſleeps; and an unthinking State,
More happy thus, than when ſhe feels the preſſing
Weight.

For when ſlow Time, and ſtudious Care reveals
Where ſacred Truth is hid, and Honour dwells,
When by an odious Train of formal Rules,
And the rough Diſcipline of tedious Schools
Man comes to Reaſon, and begins to know,
The glimmering Lights, at beſt, imperfect ſhow
What is our Good, but cannot Good beſtow.
For ah! what Pains and Doubts diſtract the Soul,
While fond Deſires the Judgments Choice controul?

How hard a Task to guide th' unruly Will,
Or fix the certain Bounds of Good and Ill!
To ſtill vain Hopes, and ſudden Fears ſubdue,
And flying Truths with ſteddy Eyes purſue,
Or Virtue's doubtful Ways to gueſs aright,
While Error's pleaſing Paths our ſtraying Steps invite?

How great a Toil to ſtem the raging Flood,
When Beauty fits the Maſs of youthful Blood?
When the ſwoln Veins with circling Torrents riſe,
And ſofter Paſſions ſpeak thro' wiſhing Eyes.
The Voice of Reaſon's drown'd; in vain it ſpeaks,
When haſty Anger dies the glowing Cheeks,
And vengeful Pride hurries the Mortal on,
To Deeds unheard before, and Cruelties unknown.
Such is the Thing call'd MAN; and this is Life,
An endleſs War of Thoughts, and an eternal Strife.

Thus

Thus the bold Wretch —— Ah! too profanely
Wiſe,
And partial to himſelf, inceſſant cries;
A Judge unfit to ſearch Heav'ns ſecret Ways,
Too oft blaſphemes the Powers, he ought to praiſe.

But groundleſs Murm'rings are with Eaſe
reprov'd;
Say, is not Man by every God belov'd?
Man, Lord of all, and the Earth's darling Pride,
Tho' form'd of *Æther*, and to Heav'n ally'd:
By Reaſon taught, and touch'd with purer Light,
O'er all beſide He claims a Sov'raign Right;
The kinder Pow'rs infus'd a nobler Mind,
To Sway the World, and Rule the Beſtial Kind.
What, tho' the Babe begins his Life with cries,
When ſudden Light diſturbs his weaker Eyes;

Tho' new-born Man, unlike the hairy Beaſt,
Comes from the Womb (as from his Bed) undreſt?
Since the kind Mother, with indulgent Care,
Will Swathing Bands, and ſoft Array prepare,
To wrap the tender Limbs, and skreen the piercing Air:
She ſafe Defends him from attending harm,
And Hugs him cloſe, and keeps the Infant warm;
Till ſettled Limbs ſupport the darling Boy,
Who wanton Smiles, and runs to ev'ry Toy:
Then trivial Knowledge, and firſt Thoughts commence,
And Reaſon's twilight Gleams in liſping Senſe.
But when it Shines in full Perfection bright,
The conſcious Mind purſues her boundleſs Sight.
Man ſees thro' all; one view t' his Knowledge brings,
The Chain of Cauſes, and Reſult of Things.

The

The Creatures all Obey; He gives the Word,
They patient Yeild, and own their deſtin'd Lord.
While Wiſdom's Clue guides thro' Life's wild'ring Maze,
Shows Virtue's Path, and Sin's declining Ways.
(The different Tracks of Infamy, and Praiſe)
And ſpecious Ills unmasks, and hidden Good diſplays:
It Marks the Road direct to real Bliſs,
And Secret tells him, when he Acts amiſs.
Hence well-form'd States are prop't with wholſom Laws,
And juſt Decrees ſupport the rightful Cauſe,
Arts are improv'd, and Turrets high-adorn'd,
Deſpiſe the ruder Caves, by Nature form'd;
Bright Palaces o'erlook the neighb'ring Woods,
And ſmoaky Towns encreaſe the flitting Clouds.

Nature in vain conceals her precious Ore,
Men rifle all, and ſearch the hidden Store;
They ev'ry Right, and ev'ry Pow'r invade;
The paſſive Elements, by Duty ſway'd,
Now dread the awful Tyrant, whom they made.

The Soul ('tis true) condemn'd a while by Fate
To this dull Priſon, grieves the preſſing weight.
Continu'd Doubts, and endleſs Tumults riſe,
While Reaſon dictates ſtill, what Senſe denies:
Preſt down by Clay, ſhe ſtoops to low Deſires,
And dotes on Earth, and fancy'd Good admires:
But when the riſing Mind, impartial views
Her wond'rous Self, and her own Thought purſues,
How vain the tranſient Show of Things around,
What worthleſs Baits are guilty Pleaſures found!

She

She spurns her Cage, and takes unbounded Flight
To Heav'n, her blissful Home, and to Aetherial Light.

Not that the Soul at once her Freedom sees;
The mighty Work is form'd by slow Degrees.
First wholsom Rules restrain unheedful Youth,
And reconcile the sickly Mind to Truth.
Duty enforc'd, and Virtue's Sacred Lore
Timely imbib'd, will Sov'raign Health restore.
'Tis true, an high Descent, an antient Line;
And th' envy'd Honours of a Race Divine,
Th' ambitious Soul to generous Acts incline:
The purer Blood with nobler Warmth inspires,
And virtuous Sons descend from virtuous Sires.
But all Neglected Blooms will soon decay:
A thousand Baits unguarded Youth betray,

'Till

'Till kind Instruction has the Mind improv'd,
(For Truths oft Taught are not with ease remov'd)
But if this first great Task be left undone,
We soon shall Mourn a loose degenerate Son;
The Work is ruin'd, tho' so well begun.

Say therefore, are not those absurdly vain,
Who cause their Children's Fate, and then complain;
Who with a hopeful beauteous Offspring blest,
Forget themselves, and hire unwholsom Breasts?
And to some common Wretch commit the Care,
Of Infant-CÆLIA, or the future Heir:
Beside Diseases, and unnumber'd Ills,
That latent Spread, and flow in Milky Rills,
That from bad Teats, and putrid Channels pass,
And taint the Blood, and mingle with the Mass;

The

The noxious Food conveys a greater Curſe,
And gives the meaner Paſſions of the Nurſe;
Th' unthinking Babe ſucks in the deadly Bane,
And new-form'd Luſts the native Virtue ſtain;
Who draws the flaggy Breaſts of wanton Dames,
Shall baſe Deſires imbibe, and burn with guilty Flames.

Thus the *Great Founder* of the ROMAN State
Was fam'd for brutal Rage, and boundleſs Hate,
Which cruſh'd a Brother with untimely Fate.
By Rapes he peopled, what he built with Blood,
And ROME to mighty Guilt her Grandeur ow'd.
The ſavage Dam had ſower'd with *Wolfiſh* Spleen
The manly Soul, diſtain'd with Luſt unclean.
Hence wild Revenge glow'd in his Royal Breaſt;
Who was his Nurſe, his Actions plain confeſt,
And whoſe the Pap which firſt the Infant preſt.

But when the kind, the prudent Dame is found,
Wholeſom, and chaſt, in Mind and Body ſound.
The next great Leſſon bids with early Pain,
Inform the Infant-mind, and mould the yielding
Brain.
For tho' a Wretch to foul Attempts incline,
Meerly by Nature urg'd, and not Deſign;
Tho' tainted Juices in the Womb prevail,
And ſtain the Birth, and ſecret Guilt entail;
(As oft ill Humours will affect the Mind
While ſhut in Body, and to Earth confin'd)
Yet virtuous Rules will new Deſires inſtill,
And ſtreiten to themſelves the warping Will;
Precepts well-urg'd will riſing Luſts controul,
Give a new Turn, and Beauty to the Whole,
And from its winding Track reſtrain the byaſs'd
Soul.

Thus

Thus SOCRATES was obſtinately good,
Virtuous by Force, by Inclination lewd;
When ſecret Movements drew his Soul aſide,
He quell'd his Luſts, and ſtem'd the ſwelling Tide;
Suſtain'd by Reaſon ſtill, unmov'd, he ſtood,
And ſteady bore againſt th' oppoſing Flood.
He durſt correct, what Nature form'd amiſs,
And forc'd unwilling Virtue to be His;
Fame circling flies thro' ev'ry *Grecian* Town,
Proclaims the *Sage*, and makes the HERO known;
Applauſe from Men might not alone ſuffice:
They ſtil'd him Good, but Heaven pronounc'd him Wiſe.

But if the painful Muſe with anxious Care,
Should ev'ry Truth, or e'vry Rule declare;
And on each Branch with tedious Niceneſs dwell,
To endleſs Tomes the mighty Task would ſwell,

Yet thoſe firſt Maxims, which will Vice remove,
Childhood correct, and blooming Youth improve,
The Verſe ſhall tell; and with what ſtudious Care,
Indulgent Parents form the growing Heir:
While yet the helpleſs Babe, unthinking, lies
Still mute, but when he tells his Pain in Cries;
While yet the Parts with ſoftning Moiſture fill'd,
Sink at the Touch, and to Impreſſion yield;
While the lax Sinews have no vigorous Spring,
Then mould, and ſhape the ſoft, the tender Thing.
In Little let the future Man be ſeen,
And form the Body to a graceful Mien.
Nought now demands the Parents daily Care,
But how to warm, and feed the Infant Heir;
By eaſie Motion, and indulgent Arts
Now ſhape the Limbs, and fix the hardning Parts.
No Time as yet to teach, or change the Will,
No buſie Thoughts diſtinguiſh Good from Ill.

Unus'd

Unus'd to Clay, a-while th' impriſon'd Mind
Is at a Loſs to think, when thus confin'd;
But ſlumbering lies, and pent in Darkneſs ſhows
No active Force; no Spark of Reaſon glows,
And ſcarce the Soul her own Exiſtence knows.

So when the coming Morn looks faintly bright,
And gilds the Mountain-tops with weaker Light;
When firſt the *Sun*, unwilling, leaves the *Sea*,
And ruddy Dawn begins the early Day;
The watry Drops ſtill hang upon his Beams,
And trembling Light breaks in imperfect Gleams;
But when the God has ſhook his dewy Head,
And cooling Moiſture falls on ev'ry Mead,
His brighter Orb its wonted Force regains,
And ſpreads diffuſive Heat, and chears the ſmiling Plains.

But when the ſtronger Limbs to Firmneſs grow,
And Babes begin their Parents Voice to know;
When toying Childhood grateful Mirth affords,
And tells its trifling Senſe in fault'ring Words,
Then ſtrengthen too the Mind, as yet but weak,
Teach then the conſcious Soul her God to ſeek,
And let her liſp the Praiſe, ſhe cannot ſpeak.
Oft talk of Him, and tell the Awful Name,
And how this ALL from that *Firſt Being* came,
And whoſe kind Influence ſtill preſerves the beauteous Frame.
When burſting Vapours eccho in the Skies,
And flaſhing Lightnings ſtrike the trembling Eyes;
Tell him, 'tis Heaven incens'd that thus repeats
Affrighting Sounds, and ſpeaks in angry Threats,
When heedleſs Men forget the ſacred Law;
Thus Teach the Child, and thus the Infant Awe.

Theſe

These early Traces in the tender Brain
Will fix the Notions, which will long remain.

Meer Reason, by its own Reflection taught,
May find a GOD, and seek the nobler Thought;
May searching gues the Origin of Man,
And how it self, and how the World began.
But ah!—— if not improv'd by friendly Art,
Reason untaught these Truths will slow impart.
Thus in the Western World, so lately found,
Tho' circling Years have past their constant Round;
Tho' tedious Ages have successive rol'd,
No Length of Time could this great Truth unfold.
Here all her Pride has bounteous Nature shown,
And sports her self in Forms to Us unknown.
But tho' each blushing Fruit, or smiling Flow'r
Declares a GOD, and speaks his Awful Pow'r,

Yet the dark *Indians* never will reflect,
No Deity adore, no Heav'n expect.
Thoughtleſs they live, nor heed an After-ſtate,
Intent on Earth, and careleſs of their Fate.
'Tis hard to Wake, when drowzy Miſts ariſe,
And pleaſing Slumbers cloſe the willing Eyes;
Such is the Toil for an un-tutor'd Mind
To rouze it ſelf, or hidden Truths to find.
The Youth thus taught, how Heaven will be Obey'd,
And what Returns of Duty muſt be Paid;
Then farther Teach, and let him early Know,
What to our ſelves, and what to Men we Owe.
Now ev'ry tender Sentiment improve,
And let the Heart with ſofter Paſſions move.
When Vices firſt their baneful Influence ſhow,
And when his little Cheeks with Anger glow;

When once the Seeds of partial Hate appear,
Or envious Rage lets fall a ſilent Tear,
Then Parents, if you love your growing Heir,
Be juſtly angry, nor Correction ſpare,
But kill the noxious Weeds with timely Care.
Now Wrong forbid, and teach what Rules are juſt,
And what the Ties of Love and mutual Truſt;
What Honour bids, and Gratitude requires,
And what Reſpect is paid to hoary Sires.
A Father's Love and Mother's Care commend,
And tell what Pains the anxious Birth attend.
What Wretch when thus inform'd will not obey
The Author of himſelf, and grateful Honours pay?
Then fix the Bands of Government, and ſhow
Who are the Sov'reign Pow'rs which rule below;
Who by juſt Laws, and an Impartial Sway,
Protect the Good, and make the Ill obey.

But when the reaſoning Soul extends her View,
And dares look round, and the vaſt Search purſue;
By Learning then the ruder Ore refine,
Poliſh the whole, and make the Work divine;
Ingenuous Arts will mildly purge away
The droſſy Subſtance, and the baſe Allay.
Say, is not this the ſoft, the docil Age,
Whoſe Actions will the future Man engage?
Now vig'rous Streams ſpout from the lab'ring Heart,
And ready Wit and lively Senſe impart.
Loſe not the time: the moiſt, the tender Brain
Is eaſy form'd, and will each Hint retain.
The Soul's prepar'd for Wiſdom's ſacred Lore:
Ranſack the *Grecian* and the *Roman* Store.
Let the Youth labour with inceſſant Pains,
And hourly read, and ſearch the Great Remains.

Nor

Nor Authors of a modern Date diſdain,
Whoſe worthy Labours antient Truths explain.
The Muſe will ſtill admire the *Latian* Groves,
She the bleſt Soil, and happy Climate loves.
The *French* in Language pure, in Senſe polite,
The willing Reader to the Task invite.
The lofty *Spaniard* is inſtructive found,
Though ſoaring in his Flights, and fond of pompous Sound.
By a juſt Hiſtory the Mind's improv'd,
For Men are ever by Example mov'd.
It ſhows the World, and to Reflection brings
The Fall of Empires, and the Fate of Kings.
It brings back Time, and the paſt Age retrieves,
And here th' immortal Chief unenvy'd lives.

Actions thus told Heroic Worth inſpire,
And kindle in the Soul an active Fire,
And ſtir the Breaſt with emulous Deſire.
But thoſe who wild Romantick Stories feign,
The Fuſtian Hero beyond Nature ſtrain;
They form new Worlds, and tell of Kings unknown,
Battles ne'er fought, and Victories ne'er won,
Of monſtrous Giants, and unequal Fights,
And Dragons fell engag'd by doughty Knights;
The fairy Scene by pompous Show delights:
By Fancy rul'd, weak Judgments pleaſe themſelves
With Chiefs enchanted, and with wand'ring Elves.
But let the Youth the empty Tale deſpiſe,
Remove the vain Amuſement from his Eyes;
For falſe Ideas, if indulg'd, at laſt
Deprave the Morals, and debauch the Taſte.

But ſtill the Muſes claim a juſt Eſteem:
The Bard ſees Viſions, but Romancers dream.
The Moral Verſe will alway be admir'd,
Poets may teach, for Poets are inſpir'd.
Virtue thus dreſt, is lovely in Diſguiſe,
And *Verſe will find him, who a Sermon flies.*

And now the Voice to manly Accent breaks,
And the firſt Down o'erſpreads the blooming Cheeks.
When thus encreaſing Strength, and youthful Fire,
Forward to Action, vigorous Thoughts inſpire,
And puſh him on to Love, and gay Deſire.
Then reſtleſs Paſſions with a ſudden Flood,
Diſturb the Man, and ſtir the riſing Blood.
Now the Tides ſwell, and foamy Billows roul,
And rapid Torrents hurry on the Soul.

Youth

Youth fondly mocks the Dictates of the Wiſe,
And ſcornful Smiles, when hoary Hairs adviſe;
The wanton Swain, when fluſh'd in blooming Years,
The leaſt Reſtraint (ah too impatient) bears.
Yet a bright Ray may pierce the yielding Shade,
And ſudden ſhine around the darkſome Glade.
Wiſdom will buoy the ſinking Soul, and ſave
Amidſt the Floods, and dare the coming Wave.
But ah! unwearied watch, with Caution ſteer,
And careful look, when winding Gulphs appear;
Or ſoon in the ſwift circling Current toſt,
You'll whirl around, and be in Eddies loſt.

But would you throughly purge the vicious Stain,
Exert the Man, and let no Paſſion reign;
Believe the Soul, when freed from preſſing Clay,
Will to ſome unknown Region wing away.

Think

Think righteous Heav'n will its own Laws regard,
And puniſh thoſe whom Juſtice can't reward.
But if no Fiends in gloomy Darkneſs howl,
Nor Ghoſts in airy Forms confeſs the Soul:
If ſulph'rous Lakes, and livid Fires below,
To *Prieſts* their Being, or to *Stateſmen* owe;
If vain we hope a bright Expanſe above,
Where Spirits riot in Exceſs of Love;
If after Death be Nothing, nothing Death,
But th' utmoſt Limits of a Gaſp of Breath;
If theſe are all Dreams, Whimſies, and no more,
Firſt made by Fear, and then enforc'd by Pow'r,
What Motive can reclaim the careleſs Boy?
He'll give a Looſe, and graſp the fleeting Joy;
Greedy indulge what Pleaſures now invite,
And ſnatch the preſent Moments of Delight.
But future Joys believ'd, or future Pain,
Will curb the wild Deſire, and ev'ry Luſt reſtrain.

To trace th' intelligible World, and find
Th' immortal Nature of an active Mind,
Is th' utmoſt Height, and moſt exalted View,
That Reaſon here can reach, or Thought purſue.
To know our God, and know our ſelves, is all
That we can Happineſs or Wiſdom call.

Juſt Notions will into good Actions grow,
And to our Reaſon we our Virtues owe:
Falſe Judgments are th' unhappy Source of Ill,
And blinded Error draws the paſſive Will;
Deceiv'd by Show, we ſeldom think with Care,
While with falſe Beauty and affected Air,
Too often 'tis the Dreſs that makes the Fair;
But let not ſpecious Errors ſoon betray,
Unmask the Cheat, and chace the Clouds away,
Long doubt, and oft reflect, and firm Aſſent delay.

But

But ah! the Race of Life is eaſy run,
While tedious Science is as yet begun;
Thought muſt the previous Strokes of Senſe attend,
And huddled Images but ſlow aſcend.
From earthy Dregs the circling Fogs ariſe,
And miſty Vapours skim before our Eyes;
The Soul is forc'd, while pent in darkſom Clay
To grope in Shades, and gueſs the doubtful way:
Great is the Toil, but glorious is the Prize;
Who would not alway labour to be *Wiſe*?
Thus Heav'n decrees, and we muſt ſearch to find,
Or wink for ever, be for ever blind.

Nor may we hence indulge a wild Conceit,
And vainly hope to climb the utmoſt Height;
To view the inmoſt Eſſences of things,
And Nature's hidden Laws, and ſecret Springs:

She coyly hides, and ſhifts her various Shapes,
Slips from th' Embrace, and ev'ry Eye eſcapes.
Knowledge has Bounds, that ſtint th' unwilling Soul,
For finite Reaſon cannot graſp the Whole.
We ſee enough t' employ the lab'ring Mind,
Nor may we ſearch, what Heaven forbids to find.
Mark how the Orbs their finiſh'd Courſe renew,
Still move alike, and conſtant Rules purſue.

Look up, and then conceive, how vaſt, how bright,
That inexhauſted Source of joyous Light!
Think, if the ſluggiſh Earth be downward preſt
By its own Weight, and courts unactive Reſt,
Th' unweary'd God to dayly Toil ſucceeds,
And drives th' ætherial Stage, and guides the flying
Steeds;
While we, dull and unmov'd, ſee all beſide
Dance the ſwift Round, and circle thro' the Void:

But

But if the Sun, fixt in his Central Throne,
Attracts the Planets, and commands alone,
He tunes the Spheres, and they harmonious sound;
Earth too becomes a Star, and keeps the constant
Round,
But whate'er System Fancy may approve,
Whether we like to rest, or chuse to move,
Th' Effect's the same, and one Almighty Cause
The Motion first began, and fix'd th' unerring Laws.

The *Atomist* may groundless Schemes pursue,
T' explain the old World, or create a new;
Well-pleas'd he may indulge his wandring Thoughts,
And endless Voids conceive, and flying Motes;
But let these roul long in the boundless Space,
Then meet, and form an indigested Mass,
If Motion thus with thoughtless Chance combine,
And huddled Bodies close without Design,

A rude, and ſhapeleſs Chaos will ariſe;
No ſmiling Meads below, above no vaulted Skies:
Till ſome bleſt Pow'r at length reduce the whole,
Divide the Parts, and give an active Soul.
Ah! might Reflection to the Mind diſcloſe
What different Particles this All compoſe,
Might we but trace the Springs as yet unſeen,
And ſecret Movements of the vaſt Machine,
The ſeveral Figures and the Motions know,
To which the Species their Diſtinction owe!
Tho various Forms adorn the beauteous Frame,
Matter (unlike it ſelf) is all the ſame.
From the ſame blended Elements proceed
The ſcented Flower, and Peſtilential Weed;
They form the yielding Graſs, and flinty Stone,
And waving Crops, by ſportive *Zephyrs* blown.
Hence in cool Shade the humble *Myrtle* grows,
And high the *Oak* extends his leavy Boughs.

The

The living World has the ſame common Birth;
Here flower Inſects cling to Parent Earth;
Now bleating Flocks we hear, and lowing Herds,
And the more grateful Harmony of Birds;
While ſportive Fiſh thro' watry Mazes roam,
And with a ſilent Joy poſſeſs their native home.

Cauſes remote from our Obſervance fly,
We have a nobler Object always nigh;
MAN, lordly Creature! in whom Beauties meet,
Unnumber'd, and the lovely Frame complete.
Mark the nice Structure, and the wond'rous Art;
How juſt the whole, how curious ev'ry part.
By the Child's Features we the Parent gueſs,
And Looks divine an heav'nly Sire confeſs.
Man amiably Majeſtick Walks erect,
And from th' inferiour World commands Reſpect;

Reaſon curbs Force, and gives to Fury Laws,
And fierceſt Creatures to Subjection Awes.
They conſcious yield, and own the righteous Sway,
And their juſt Sovereign paſſively obey.
Man is the Univerſe, in little ſhown,
The ſcatter'd Beauties here are joyn'd in one,
In him the ſeveral Motions are explain'd,
And the great World is in the leſs contain'd.
For as th' *Almighty's* Throne is fix'd on high,
(Far from theſe lower Spheres, and arched Sky)
Where *Seraphs*, and *Cherubic* Orders ſtand,
Attend the Nod, and wait the bleſt Command;
Then with Angelic Motion ſwift obey,
And inſtantly themſelves to fartheſt Worlds convey.
Thus ſeated in the Brain the reaſoning Soul
Exalted ſits, and there directs the whole.
At the leaſt Hint the conſcious Spirits ſtart;
Loaden with Images from ev'ry part

In

In branched Tubes the ſubtle Atoms rome,
And from each Sence bring freſh Advices home.
The Immaterial Mind attends above,
While they inform how outward Objects move.
The God of Light ſends down his ſtreaming Rays
On the warm'd Earth, and chears with ſmiling Days.
And thus the central Heart the Source contains
Of vital Heat, and in its Cavern ſtrains
The bubling Streams, that ſtretch the ſwelling Veins.
Still it conveys the ſwift returning Blood,
And reſtleſs thus maintains the circling Flood.
The *Sun* (when Summer-heats the Spring ſucceed)
Changes the tarniſh'd Verdure of the Mead:
The dry'd up Rills no longer murmuring creep
O'er the ſmooth Pebbles, and invite to ſleep,
But buzzing Inſects make an uncouth Noiſe,
And ſulph'rous Vapours thunder in the Skies.

So

So when the Heart tumultuous Paſſions move,
If melting in the ſofter Flames of Love
With quicker Strokes the haſty Pulſes beat,
And glowing Cheeks confeſs the inward Heat:
Or if fierce Rage provoke, and vengeful Ire,
The Eyes then ſparkle with unuſual Fire:
Ah! ſoon the Blames their rapid Fury ſpread,
And colour all with a malignant Red.
Curſes and Oaths th' unthinking Wretch repeats,
And the Tongue faulters in half-utter'd Threats.
How like the Earth mix'd with the watry Maſs,
Where troubled Seas the ſlimy Land embrace,
Are Man's leſs noble Parts, th' inferiour Drain,
Where forc'd the cruder Sediments remain?
Here ſtagnate Filth, and Acid worthleſs Lees,
And noiſom Heaps from various Foods encreaſe.
Hence windy Fumes, and ſudden Vapours ſpread,
That ſwell the Breaſt, and rack the aching Head,

Till

Till forc'd by ſtronger Nature to retreat,
They melting fall, and all diſſolve in Sweat:
Diſpers'd in watry Drops they pain no more,
But work inſenſibly thro' ev'ry Pore.
And as the Sun by his own Heat exhales
Clouds from the Sea, and Fogs from marſhy Vales;
Which (tho' baſe-born) ambitious higher move,
Prevent the Light, and hide the Worlds above.
So from corporeal Dregs the Miſts condenſe,
And intercept the Meſſengers of Senſe.
Hence the clog'd Spirits their Confinement mourn,
And Reaſon waits in vain the ſwift Return.
The clouded Images their March delay,
Till the rouz'd Soul, by a ſuperiour Ray
Breaks thro' the Shade, and urges on the Day.

But if external Features may ſurprize,
And a juſt Texture charm th' unweary'd Eyes;

What are the Godlike Beauties we admire,
When conſcious Souls within themſelves retire?
Th' Angelic Natures, tho' a while immur'd,
Yet know, they are from Age, and Death ſecur'd.
Matter, however moulded or refin'd,
Can ne'er be thought to form a thinking Mind.
When the ſick, weak, diſſolving Body lies,
And rigid Death has fix'd the languid Eyes;
Freed from thoſe irkſom Bands th' immortal Fair
Mounts up unſeen, and ſpurns the groſſer Air.
Brutes by meer Senſe, or ſecret Impulſe move,
Hate without Thought, and without Reaſon love.
But ſhe from ſimple Terms Concluſions draws,
Notions abſtract, and univerſal Laws,
And from the Effect purſues th' undoubted Cauſe.
Too bright for Senſe, ſuch Notions are innate;
Heav'n muſt at firſt imprint, or Souls create.

With

With Pleaſure theſe th' attentive Mind employ,
And conſcious of her ſelf ſhe feels a ſecret Joy.

Thus Nought without the Firſt great Cauſe affects,
Tho' He moves all, and ev'ry Spring directs;
Did not his Care the ſteddy Frame preſerve,
Things would all claſh, and from their Order ſwerve.
Nought can eternal Happineſs remove,
Infinites neither leſſen, or improve.
Myriads of Ages, e'er the World was made,
Or th' Arches turn'd, or the Foundations laid,
The Deity, unchang'd, was fully bleſt,
Nor with Creation was his Joy increaſt.
Full of Himſelf, th' Almighty is the ſame,
Tho' He diſſolve the Univerſal Frame,
And Time, and Motion, have no more a Name,

But when the *Soul* believes Her ſelf Divine,
Will ſhe to mean, or beſtial Acts incline?
Or thus inform'd be mov'd with ev'ry Toy
That gives to tickled Senſe a tranſient Joy.
Or can th' immortal Mind, which knows her Self
Stoop to baſe Gain, and pine for ſordid Pelf?
Will preſent Fame a real Pleaſure give,
To Things, which muſt ev'n time it ſelf out-live?
If ſinning Souls are doom'd to ſhaky Fiends,
And flaming Gulphs, and Pain, which never ends;
And they, who alway act, as Heav'n approves,
Enjoy eternal Reſt in peaceful Groves;
Who would not labour with unweary'd Pain
To curb Deſires, and vicious Thoughts reſtrain;
To guide his doubtful Steps by Reaſon's Clue,
And the right Path thro' mazing Labyrinths purſue?

Who would add Fuel to a guilty Flame,
And forfeit future Joy for preſent Shame?
Or greedy ſtill indulge the craving Taſt;
And thoughtleſs Time in noiſy Riots waſt?
Who on this Thing call'd *Life*, has ſerious Thought,
How ſhort, how fooliſh, and how ſoon forgot;
With Scorn the Hurry of the World attends,
While buiſy Men purſue unworthy Ends.
The Rubs of Life without Concern he meets,
Braves ev'ry noiſy Blaſt, and careleſs ſits.
A Soul thus buoy'd, no ſudden Storms can drown;
Virtue dares ſmile, when Fortune ſeems to frown:
Whate'er befals, the virtuous Man is bleſt,
Tho' pin'd by Sickneſs, or by Want oppreſt.
Tho' the great Vulgar, and the Little, rail,
And blaſting Tongues o'er weaker Truth prevail;
Arm'd, and ſecure within himſelf he lies,
Will mock their Cenſure, and their Fame deſpiſe.

Hard-

Hardſhips encountred make the Hero great,
And real Worth will riſe by preſſing Weight.
Tho' envious Mounds th' increaſing Stream oppoſe,
It grows more rapid, when it overflows.
Man was not made to pleaſe himſelf alone;
No, the leaſt part of Life we call our own.
The Soil, where firſt we drew the vital Air,
Commands a grateful Senſe, and claims our Care.
Relative Duties our Amuſements croſs,
And all our Minutes to themſelves engroſs.
The Offices of Love, and mutual Truſt
Cement the whole, and make the Order juſt.
What Wretch (ingrate!) to ſuch reſpects as theſe
Prefers his Sloth, and courts inglorious Eaſe?
All Men are uſeful, when they wiſe approve
What Heav'n allows, nor too excentric move,
And ſink below themſelves, or ſoar above.

Care-

Careful obſerve, what Byaſs guides the Mind,
And how the ruling Genius is inclin'd.
Ambitious Chiefs the Trumpet's Call obey,
More pleas'd than with the Shepherds humble Lay.
By Dangers never aw'd, nor chill'd by Fear,
They graſp th' avenging Sword, and couch the Spear.
While thoſe, whoſe Veins feel no ſuch vigorous Fire,
To ſilent Glades, and thoughtful Groves retire.
The kinder Fates produce the rural Swain,
To ſing, and love, and guard his native Plain,
Or bid the fluent Scribe harangue the Town,
And reap the peaceful Honours of the Gown.
But when ſhamm'd Treaties, or ambitious Aims
Force injur'd States to prove their rightful Claims;
When muſter'd Legions to the Field are led,
And widow'd Dames mourn their deſerted Bed;
Then (if inclin'd) while youthful Vigour laſt,
E'er the firſt lovely Bloom of Life be paſt,

Make

Make the Campaign, and 'midſt the Heroes ſhine,
And boldly charge, and force th' oppoſing Line.
But ah! in Camps a thouſand Vices reign,
Which blaſt their Laurels, and their Glories ſtain.
Falſe Honour juſtifies the bravely lewd,
And Men are infamous, who dare be good.
Juſt Right, and Pow'r in War are all the ſame;
The longeſt Sword decides the doubtful Claim.
Hence martial Fires degenerate into Rage,
And oft to Murders, or to Rapes engage.
Ah! let the Muſe the moving Camp attend,
The virtuous Muſe, that beſt, and kindeſt *Friend*;
She will harſh Sounds correct by gentler Notes,
And charm the troubled Mind, and calm the Thoughts.
She in bright Colours real Worth diſplays,
And tells what Deeds deſerve Heroic Praiſe:

Informs,

Informs, when Reaſon ſpeaks, or Paſſions rave,
And who the Cruel are, and who the Brave.
Virtue (that ſhines thro' Mail) has greater Charms,
And we by Juſtice ought to guide our Arms.
Unlike the Natives of the *Thracian* Hills,
Who ravage all, and glory in the Spoils;
No kind Remorſe they feel, no Pity ſhow,
And PALLAS only by her Armour know;
But often ſhe retires to peaceful Groves,
And Gowned Arts, and harmleſs Study loves.
Letters alone correct the Soldiers Heat,
And MARS and PHŒBUS make the Man compleat.
Think on your future Hopes, and ſettled State,
But ſlow reſolve, or you will grieve too late:
What now ſeems good, may not hereafter pleaſe;
View then the World, and travel Lands and Seas.

Manners obſerv'd, and foreign Cuſtoms known,
And Laws, and Governments unlike our own,
Inrich with Notions, and inlarge the Mind;
The Judgment is improv'd, the Taſt refin'd.
A juſt Experience will alike reclaim,
From Noiſe, and empty Flaſh, and awkward Shame.
The Soul thus pois'd, keeps a proportion'd mean
Betwixt the Baſhful, and the Bold-obſcene.
Gay and polite the Youths from Travel come,
And leave the Prejudice, and Ruſt of Home.
With graceful Mien, and unaffected Air
They pleaſe the Friend, and captivate the Fair.
Peculiar Virtues every Climate bleſs,
And Vices in their proper Soil increaſe.
Obſerve the differing Nations, and purſue
The pleaſing Toil; then various Scenes review,
Impartial judge, and give to each their Due.

When

When firſt you weary'd leave the *Alpine* Rocks,
And ſee the diſtant Plains, and hear the bleating
Flocks;
Here *Italy* the ambient Sea divides,
On either ſide embrac'd by ſwelling Tides.
She the known World one mighty Empire made,
And Provinces remote her Laws obey'd;
Rome o'er the fartheſt Iſles her Eagles ſpread,
And vanquiſh'd Kings before her Legions fled;
Religion only now exalts her Tow'rs,
And Papal Cenſure aws the Civil Pow'rs.
The *Latian* Youth enervate now forget
The hardy Toil, nor prone to Martial Heat,
Unactive lie, and pleaſe their wanton Thoughts
By murm'ring Fountains, or in ſleepy Grots,

But great Remains ſhow, what the Whole has been,
And the vaſt Pile is in its Ruin ſeen;
The *Latian* Soil, whoſe pregnant Womb replete
With vig'rous Motion, and enliv'ning Heat,
Bleſt Souls produc'd, wiſe, diligent, and brave
Heroes deſign'd to rule Mankind, and ſave;
Decay'd by Age, yet in her weaker Veins
Prolific Warmth, and active Seed retains;
Oft from the Palaces of modern *Rome*
Fam'd Sages, and immortal Worthies come;
Who Kingdoms prop, and make the Nations bleſt;
On whom th' united World might ſafely reſt.
Such JULIUS now o'er GALLIA's Realm preſides,
Directs her Counſels, and her People guides;
His Conduct ſteddy, and unmov'd his Soul,
Whoſe fix'd Reſolves no adverſe Pow'rs controul.

The

The ancient *Roman* is in JULIUS ſeen,
What once the SCIPIO's were, and FABII have been.
With dusky Diſcontent the *Spaniards* low'r,
And curſe the Hand that checks their growing Pow'r.
But him no Anger moves; nor rancour'd Hate,
Tho' helliſh Furies would diſtract the State.
Curſt Fiends, from penſive Night, and Chaos ſent,
To ſtir up mutual Wars, and Strife foment.
Envy her ſelf recalls her ſnaky Brood,
And has unwilling own'd their Rage ſubdued:
Their faſt'ning Teeth ſtill unſucceſsful were;
Themſelves they gnaw, and their own Bowels tear.
But tho' His vengeful Arm might cruſh with Eaſe
Thoſe fooliſh Malecontents, whom none can pleaſe;
Like CÆSAR he forgives their cauſleſs Hate,
And by his Mercy would reclaim th' Ingrate.

JULIUS inherits all of CÆSAR's Fame,
And the ſame Virtues now adorn the ſacred Name.
But ITALY no longer can aſſume
The glorious Name of Old, *Cæſarean* ROME:
For into various States and Dukedoms toſt,
She keeps the Title; but the Grandeur's loſt.
Fled is the Vigour of her Ancient Race,
And Subtilty and Fraud ſupply the Place.
A Cunning, oil'd with Words, is now *their* Choice,
A ſoothing Temper, and bewitching Voice.

The ſottiſh World, not circumſcrib'd by Arms,
Yields to prevailing Eloquence's Charms.
The ſupple Nation with a ſervile Fear
Now fawns and flatters in a Prince's Ear.
A poor *Italian* Starveling is ſo low,
He'll creep, and cringe, and to the Devil go:

Bid

Bid fair for Hell, with all his Might and Main,
If by the way he can a Penny gain.
Familiar to all Shapes, this Slave to Time
Will ſhun no Danger, and refuſe no Crime.
Yet think the Nation not ſo loſt to Shame,
Without one Virtue to redeem its Fame.

Th' *Italian Genius* claims a Sovereign part,
For every Science form'd, and every Art.
No Cloud embraces, but his ſober Views
With indefatigable Pain purſues.
And, faſt'ning on his Wiſhes and Deſires,
No diſtant Hopes, no Time his Courage tires.
He does no Hazards fly, no Labour ſpare,
But ſhuns Expence with Providential Care.
Hence Fortune his ſuperior Mind beſtrides,
And equally her faithleſs Smiles derides;

Alike regardleſs of her threatning Frowns,
While Induſtry th' *Italian* Name renowns:
Nigh *Tyber*'s Banks ſtill Phœbus does inſpire
Illuſtrious Wits, ſtill tunes the *Roman* Lyre.
Still on their well-known Hills the Muſes rove,
New VIRGILS ſing of Arms, New OVIDS love,
And HORACES ſtill haunt the fam'd *Auſonian* Grove.

Yet is it ſtrange that Monarchs ſhould obey
A Nation, fall'n from high Imperial Sway.
Bred in a crafty Politician's School,
From ſubject *Italy* they learn to Rule.
She ſends us Stateſmen, and new Kings ſubmit
Their conquering Gold to Her commanding Wit.

If, roaming thence, your curious Eye deſigns
To ſee thoſe Regions, where the Sun declines;

If

If you determine for the Coaſts of *Spain*,
And the ſtern Nations of the *Weſtern* Reign,
There hardy Valour, and ambitious Pride,
With Vanity and Avarice reſide.
The Thirſt of Empire leads the Madmen on,
And for Their Glory, *Europe* is undone.
Kingdoms muſt fall, and Kings like Victims dye,
To raiſe their airy Column to the Sky.
But while ſhe aims to keep the World in awe,
And Yoke it to Her Univerſal Law,
Till her Deſigns are to Perfection brought,
She trys the laſt Extent, and Pain of Thought.
She wants nor Art, nor Labour, but inſpires
Her enterprizing Sons with high Deſires.
She knows no Limits, and no Law will keep,
Tho' Crowns on Crowns are pil'd on Her Triumphant Heap.

New *Winds* may mutter, and new *Oceans* roar,
And vainly bellow on a Foreign Shore;
In other Skies malignant Stars may ſhine,
And ſcaly Monſters rowl the *Weſtern* Brine,
Yet nor their Courage ſhock, nor check their bold Deſign.
Nought can their itching Luſt of Empire cure,
They ſlight all Dangers, and all Toils endure.
To gain a Scepter through the Globe they run,
Freeze in all *Snows*, and Fry in every *Sun*.
Nor parching Thirſt can this ſtrong Wiſh reſtrain,
Nor Hunger ſcaring with her griſly Train.
Yet, tho' this haughty and affecting State
Thus labours with a Paſſion to be Great;
Tho' none more thirſty of Superiour Sway;
None with a more ſubmiſſive Mind obey,
No Hardſhip their experienc'd Valour damps,
Inur'd to Wars, and Old in frequent Camps.

Their

Their paſſive *Souls* adore a *General's* Nod,
And every Frown's the Thunder of a God.
Such is the Temper of this Martial Race,
By this they Rule, in this their Virtue place.
Intent on Glory, they are ſeldom found
To manage and improve their Native Ground.
To Till and Sow are things beneath their Care;
To conquer Countries is their Grand Affair.
Hence BACCHUS mourns in the neglected Vines,
And ſlighted CERES in the Valleys pines.
For them the Sword and glittering Spear was made;
For Clowns, the Plough, the Pruning-hook, and Spade.
Nor are the *Spaniards* fam'd for Arms alone:
Intrigues of State, and Counſels are their own.
In their cloſe Breaſt they brood, ſecure from Sight,
Deep as the Grave, and ſilent as the Night.

Nay, to their Guilt they Saints and Angels ask,
And play the Villain in Religion's Mask.
Hence often palming on the thoughtleſs Croud,
They dim their Senſes with a pious Cloud.
But who with Patience hears them, when they ſpeak,
And windy Bombaſt ſwells the bladder'd Cheek?
With the curſt Plague of Vanity chaſtis'd,
And All deſpiſing, are by All deſpis'd.
If for another Clime your Fancy's bent,
Surmount the *Pyreneans* high Aſcent.
From whoſe aerial Eminence repair
To cooler Plains, and taſte a milder Air.
The *Gallic* Region has a different View,
Various the Climate, and the People new.
The *French* and *Spaniard* equally are brave,
But *This* as much too Light, as *That* too Grave.
The *French*, Affronts and Kindneſſes regard
Alike, nor Theſe Revenge, nor Thoſe reward.

Yet

Yet to this Native Lenity is joyn'd
A Martial Virtue, and undaunted Mind.
A temper'd Courage, which no Fears can ſhake,
Nor Death in all his frightful Figures break.
What ſtrange convulſive Horrors have they ſpread,
O'er trembling *Rome*, the World's once bouſted Head?
When BRENNUS ravag'd, and when BOURBON led.
Through *Latian* Fields the *Gauliſh* Squadrons ran,
And ſhook the *Capitol*, and *Vatican*.
Why ſhould the Muſe their numerous Laurels boaſt
Of conquer'd Nations on the *Eaſtern* Coaſt?
Why ſhould ſhe tell their Trophies and their Spoils,
Their *Aſian* Labours, and their *Lybian* Toils?
Theſe Triumphs Ancient Hiſtories rehearſe,
And Poets ſing them in Eternal Verſe.
But, like a Miſtreſs, does good Fortune play,
Fond is her Courtſhip, and as ſhort her Stay.

The

The *French* can Conquer, but ſome croſs Event
Treads on Succeſs, and blaſts a brave Intent.
Whether the Cauſe from too much Flame ariſe,
And Valour, by Exceſs of Valour, dies:
Or they the conquer'd Foe too much deſpiſe:
By vaunting Inſolence Unhappy made,
And to unactive Luxury betray'd.
Or that their Genius prompt them to purſue
Things different in their kind, and always new.
By which Inconſtancy their *Bays* are ſeen
To wither on their Brows, and ſeldom Green.
Yet ſtill their Prince they worſhip, like a God,
Obedient Servants to His ſacred Nod.
To Monarchy devote, they chuſe to bear
Whatever Yoke their Kings command to wear.
This is a true and undiſputed Sway,
Nor is the *Turk* more abſolute than they,
Nor *Ruſſian* Slaves more willingly obey.

Their

Their Wills are Statutes, and a Law alone,
Whene'er they pleaſe to thunder from the Throne.
And if a Child the Scepter ſhould enjoy,
The *Gallic* World bows to the Royal Boy.
If ſprung from Anceſtors, in Council wiſe,
And fam'd in Arms, he by Succeſſion riſe;
Hereditary Right's ſo much their Choice,
In Him, as in a NESTOR, they rejoyce,
And paſſively obey his liſping Voice.

Why ſhould I tell, how friendly *Gallia* pours
Her higheſt Favours on *Trinacrian* Shores?
Gallia, to Strangers hoſpitably kind,
Submits to Foreign Rule her lofty Mind;
And oft to Thoſe, who from far Countries came,
Has to Her Bounty ſacrific'd Her Fame.

Gallia, so prodigal to Strangers grown,
Folds with a fast Embrace a People, not Her Own.
And if she finds them fit for Grand Affairs,
Of Prudence, equal to a Kingdom's Cares,
She loads with Titles their deserving Wits,
And to the private Cabinet admits.
So He, who now assists the *Gallic* Crown,
Whom *Rome* has honour'd with the Scarlet Gown,
Is to her Bosom taken, and repays
Whate'er she gives in Dignity or Praise.
This new ALCIDES on his Neck sustains
The Globe of *France*, and holds the Empire's Reins.
Inur'd to Conquest, and his Foes to bruise,
He *Spain*'s GERYON with his Club subdues.

Nor winning Manners, and a Chearful Face
Will recommend alone the *Gallic* Race;

Whose

Whose Converſation's ſweet, ingaging Air
Pleaſes alike the Witty, and the Fair.
The Light and Grave in juſt Proportion joyn'd,
Divert the Paſſions, and inſtruct the Mind.
From diſagreeing Concord they produce
A Harmony of valuable Uſe,
And marry ſolid Wiſdom to the ſprightly Muſe.
To them the *Deities* diſcloſe their Springs,
Their brighteſt Fancies, and abſtruſeſt things:
MINERVA teaches, and APOLLO ſings.
Whate'er in eloquent *Platonic* Lines,
Whate'er in HOMER or in VIRGIL ſhines,
Whate'er *Venuſium*'s Poet did inſpire,
The *French* have follow'd with an equal Fire,
And imitate the Trumpet, and the Lyre.
Whether they ſing of Battels and of Arms,
Or Woods reſound fair GALATEA's Charms,

In them the *Roman* and the *Greek* are found,
And *Ecchō* never heard a ſweeter Sound.

If then from *Calais* you deſign to land
On *England*'s vile, unhoſpitable Strand,
There ſhall you find a Race of monſtrous Men,
Where mangled Princes ſtrew the *Cyclops* Den.
A falſe, ungrateful, and rebellious Brood,
New from a ſlaughter'd Monarch's ſacred Blood.
They break all Laws, all Fancies they purſue,
And follow all *Religions*, but the *True*.
All there are Prieſts, each differently prays,
And worſhips Heaven ten thouſand various ways.
If by the Mob the canting Fool's admir'd,
The Brother's gifted, and the Saint's inſpir'd.
Hence the *Fanatics* rave, and wildly ſtorm,
Convert by *Piſtol*, and by *Pike* Reform.

Nor

Nor are th' Enthuſiaſts ſo abhorrent grown
To holy, ceremonious Rites alone.
An *Engliſh-man* on all Extremes will run,
And by Conſent be wilfully undone.
If an Opinion thwart what Ancients wrote,
He catches it, and boſoms up the Thought.
ALCIDES would his Club as ſoon reſign,
As He a darling Herefy decline.

Yet we muſt do the Sons of *England* right,
Some Stars ſhine thro' the Horror of her Night.
For Navigation, and for Skill renown'd,
In Sailing the Terraqueous Globe around.
To them no Shore's untry'd, no Sea's unknown,
Where Waves have murmur'd, and where Winds have blown.

TIPHYS, and JASON, who in *Argo* came,
Lay no Pretenſions to ſo juſt a Fame,
As CANDISH, WILLOUGHBY, and DRAKE's Immortal Name.

The *Dutch* and *Celtæ* in ſome kind agree,
Divided only by a Narrow Sea.
But that, deteſting a Monarchic Reign,
The *Dutch* revolting from the Crown of *Spain*,
Have tugg'd for Freedom thro' a Crimſon Flood;
So much more dear their Liberty than Blood!

Then, if you viſit the *Germanic* Soil,
You'll find it worth your Travel and your Toil.
The Martial People's Arms once kept in Awe
Old *Rome*, which gave the World Imperial Law.
Of fiery Viſage, and uncommon Size
They flaſh'd in Her undaunted Eagles Eyes.

Their

Their honeſt Hearts abhor the leaſt degree
Of winding Craft, and tricking Knavery.
They ſcorn all Masks of Prudence, all Diſguiſe,
And Politicians, ſerpentinely wiſe.
Whether, that born beneath a cold, thick Air,
Wit ſeldom falls to the dull *German*'s Share;
Or frequent Fudling does their Spirits drain,
And BACCHUS ſtupify their foggy Brain.
For there they gage the Largeneſs of your Soul
By Bumpers, and the bigneſs of your Bowl.
With them a ſwelling Paunch, and ſtudded Face
Is always reckon'd a becoming Grace;
And He, who can the twentieth Bottle ſtand,
Is the beſt Heroe of the *Drinking Land*.
Nay, Father BACCHUS all their Councils guides,
Dictates at Treaties, and at Leagues preſides;
No mutual Friendſhip for ſincere will paſs
Without the Pleaſure of a plenteous Glaſs;

It

It then grows ſtrongeſt, when moſt Healths they toaſt,
And He's the Trueſt Heart, who drinks the moſt.
So fluſh'd, and ſwoln with his accuſtom'd Load
SILENUS prais'd of old the jolly God.
His mellow Train would in the Chorus join,
And bleſs the Riches of the Purple Vine.
The live-long Night the merry *Satyrs* ſung,
EVIUS the Subject of each fault'ring Tongue:
EVIUS the Hills around and hollow Valleys rung.
Nor tho' the *German* is ſo much inclin'd
To quaff full Bowls, and drown th' æthereal Mind,
Is every part ſo ſottiſh, and ſo wild,
As if no *Genius* o'er the Nation ſmil'd.
Some bold, bright Spirits have been known to blaze
For Learning, Wit, and Arts of wond'rous Praiſe.

Who

Who has not heard what Kings their Ruin owe
To the forg'd Thunder * of Mankind below?
How from *Germanic* Skill th' Invention came,
Whose dire Explosion sets the World in flame.
When the loud *Cannon* missive Iron pours,
Or from the slaughtering *Bomb* GRADIVUS roars.
Nor must we his Immortal Name † forget,
To whom we owe the Monuments of Wit,
Whence what the Muse has sung, or Heroe fought,
In Characters indelible is wrote.
All Times, all Nations shall the *German* know,
While Arts shall flourish, or the *Rhine* shall flow.

Here must I tell how a *Teutonic* Soul
Bred up in stern BELLONA's active School,

---

* Guns *first found out by a* German, 1280.
† Printing *was first invented by* John Gutenbergen *of* Mentz *in* Germany, 1450.

Is unacquainted with inglorious Eaſe,
And ſcorns the happy Luxury of Peace.
For if their quiet Prince has no Demand
With hoſtile Arms upon a Neighb'ring Land,
So much for Fighting is their ruling Luſt,
That, leſt in Sloth and Lethargy they ruſt,
In murdering Wars they ſerve for Foreign Pay,
And proſtitute their Venal Hands to Slay.

Now *Northward* bend your Travel, nor diſdain
To view the Countries nigh the *Baltic* Main,
The warlike *Sweed*, the *Polander*, and *Dane*.
If nigh the *Poles* the *Muſes* like to dwell,
Their heavenly Heat will nipping Colds expel:
They fear no Danger from the freezing Air,
Or horrid Influence of the *Greater Bear*.

But

But You, perhaps, are not inclin'd to roam
Such diſtant Lengths, from your dear Native Home.
Nor will your Parents, and your Friends forego,
Nor by fatiguing Journeys ſeek to know
The Men, or Tempers of unequal Skies,
Nor will you at the vaſt Expence be Wiſe.
For things of this important Uſe and Weight
Require ſound Bodies, and a large Eſtate,
To view the various World: the Weak and Poor
Can nor the Labour nor the Coſt endure.
The Rich and Healthy ſhould alone ſuſtain
Hazards by Land, and Dangers on the Main.

But when your Blood is to due Temper wrought,
And Time has mellow'd you to riper Thought,
Then fix your Soul, and your Career reſtrain,
And prudently draw in the ſlacken'd Rein.

On Civil Life now ſeriouſly attend,
To ſerve your Country, and oblige your Friend.

For this with niceſt Obſervation try
Whatever moves your Mind, or meets your Eye;
Whatever from a due Reflection ſprings,
In wealthy Cities, or the Courts of Kings;
O'er in your Mind their Foreign Manners run,
Their Virtues follow, and their Vices ſhun:
In a juſt Mixture of their Arts excel,
In acting worthily, and thinking well.
So through *Sicilian Hybla*'s pleaſing Groves
The *Bee*, intent on his ſweet Labour, roves.
Sav'ry and *Thyme* the little Drudge devours,
And gleans his Harveſt from the fragrant Flow'rs;
Does the Blew *Violets* and *Roſes* chuſe,
And ſucks freſh Virtue from the Morning Dews,
To load his waxen Chambers with *Nectarean* Juice.

Mean

Mean time Inure your ſelf to Thought, and ſtrive
To keep the noble, inborn Heat alive:
Improve whate'er your Reaſon has acquir'd,
The Soul is active, and can ne'er be tir'd;
In valu'd Books your vacant Hours employ,
And, what your Travels could not give, enjoy.
To read good Authors, of a Taſte refin'd,
Heightens the Stature of the lofty Mind.
If you delight to hear the Actions told,
Of Heroes prudent, reſolute and bold,
And every glorious Thing perform'd of Old:
To wiſe Hiſtorians for Inſtruction fly,
And read them over with a curious Eye.
LIVY will tell you, how the *Roman* Pile
Roſe to ſuch Grandeur, in as grand a Stile;
And PLUTARCH mentions with a Maſter's Stroke,
How Captains battled, and how Sages ſpoke.

Or if you ſeek to know, with learned Toil,
The Diſpoſitions of each Sky and Soil,
The Climes and Regions never ſeen before,
Roul STRABO, PTOLEMY, and CLUVER o'er;
And ev'ry Author, whoſe prevailing Light
May chaſe away the Clouds of Error's Night,
Inrich the Mind, and ſet the Judgment right.

But, Laſtly, let your Converſation turn
On what is Good, and from the Wiſeſt learn.
If Human Nature you deſire to know,
And from what ſecret Springs the Paſſions flow.
When there are choſe and cull'd, for noble Ends,
Some bright Companions, and well-natur'd Friends,
Knowledge and Virtue, on a worthy Mind
Steal ſilently, and propagate their Kind.

Here

Here must I needs exclaim, nor can forbear,
On Noblemen's Improvidential Care;
Who to their forward Sons give loose the Reins,
And taint the generous Blood, which fills their Veins;
Whose lewd Associates commonly are known
For Sots, and Scandals of the Court and Town.
For, soon as Tutors have resign'd their Charge
Of my young Lord, to let him live at large;
He, who writes Man, must what he pleases do,
Indulge his Fancy, his own Course pursue.
Yet think not that this hopeful Babe of Grace
Will follow Counsel, and the best embrace;
No: He'll to *Brothels* or the *Tavern* run,
And whore, and guzzle till the Morning Sun.
Or at *Groom-Porters* He his Elbow shakes,
Accompany'd by Scoundrels, Pimps and Rakes;

Who

Who with falſe Pleaſures the ſoft Peer intice,
Then plunge the Bubble in the Gulf of Vice.

Nor are this vile and ignominious Race
Content True Honour from his Breaſt to chaſe.
They ſhut his Eyes to beauteous Truth, and blind
With giddy Notions his unpractis'd Mind.
Soon as my eaſy and too generous Lord
With ample Feaſts has crown'd the loaded Board,
Down ſtrait the Paraſitic Blockheads ſit,
To ſcatter their inſipid, flatt'ring Wit:
This ſordid Crew of Raſcals, without Senſe,
Praiſe every Bit they eat, at his Expence.
The Viands ſome extol, and ſome the Wine,
And every Glaſs they drink, cry, *Wondrous fine!*
Here a ſtanch Sot takes up the foaming Bowl,
And ſwears his Lordſhip has a Noble Soul.

There

There a pert Coxcomb of a different Stile,
A mere *Sir Fopling*, with affected Smile,
Does Beauty's Queen, and Lady's Love commend,
And vows there's nothing like a Female Friend;
With luſcious Words excites his Patron's Fire,
And kindles into Lewdneſs young Deſire.

'Did not your Lordſhip a ſoft Damſel ſpy,
'How You ſhe ogled with a roguiſh Eye;
'She tip'd a wanton Wink, and ſmil'd, and ſigh'd,
'As if for You the tender Victim dy'd.
'I know Your Heart is to Compaſſion prone,
'True Fleſh and Blood, not made of Steel or Stone.
'Can you withſtand the Torrent of her Charms?
'Who would not languiſh in her ſnowy Arms?
'Mind not what dull and ſullen CATOS ſay,
'Or canting SOLONS: You're as wiſe as they.

'Now

'Now your first Blood and springing Youth
'employ
'In Amorous Sports, and give a Loose to Joy.
Such are the Guests which you at board maintain,
Such the raw Mind in Vice and Nonsense Train;
The common Chat of th' unreflecting Crew,
Who drop whatever's Great, or Good, or True.

While I new Matter for a Verse prepare,
What heavenly Voice affects my listning Ear?
What *Deity* a Human Form assumes,
And with *Ambrosial* Breath the Air perfumes;
All things around with Beams of Beauty shine,
And *Roses* spring beneath Her Feet divine:
I see (nor does my Fancy cheat my Sight)
CALLIOPE, in all her Graces bright.
What awful Lustre lightens from her Face!
The Goddess known by her Majestic Pace!

Why

Why deigns the Muſe to quit the Learned Throng,
And PINDUS Hill, for my advent'rous Song?
Say, art Thou come My Labours to eſpouſe,
And with *Parnaſſian* Bays adorn my Brows?

Go on, ſaid She, in Thy Immortal Theme
To merit Mine, and all the World's Eſteem.
Improve Thy Song, and in thy Sacred Breaſt
Admit with Joy a Second, Heavenly Gueſt.
'Tis not enough that your auſpicious Care
Has furniſh'd *Man*, if You neglect the *Fair*.
Shall Arts and Learning be alone confin'd
To the *Male Image* of th' Eternal Mind?
Nature, who gave, till ſhe could give no more,
On WOMAN laviſh'd all her precious Store.
Who now courts ſolid and ſubſtantial Praiſe,
Nor values Beauty, wedded to a Face.

Her Mind peculiar Ornaments desires,
And Virtues proper to her Sex requires.
And since my tuneful Sisters all delight
In comely Forms, obliging to the Sight:
Since we alone can tell what softer Art
Suits with the Genius of a Virgin's Heart:
I leave the learned Mountains to disclose
What well Thy lov'd CALLIOPEA knows.
Be Thou attentive, while I deign to shine
On thy smooth Page, and brighten every Line.

'Tis true that MAN is more sublime and bold,
But WOMAN's figur'd of a finer Mold.
Hence the soft Nature of her plyant Clay
Will all Impressions take, all Forms obey.
Who then excludes the Virgins, as unfit
For the high Arts, and Mysteries of Wit?

Or why ſhould baſe, invidious Man deny
The Search of Truth to their diſcerning Eye?
Why, when Ingenit Reaſon ſhoots her Ray
To light us all, are they Forbid the Day?
Why ſhould th' implanted Energy of Mind
Grow faint, and ſlacken in the *Female* kind?
Impartial JOVE forbids ſo great a Crime,
Nor was APOLLO only born to climb
Aonian Hills; we too inhabit there,
The Muſes, ever Tuneful, ever Fair.
Tritonian PALLAS does Her *Ægis* wield,
Nor will to PHŒBUS or GRAPIVIUS yield,
But rules in *Athens*, and commands the Field.

Yet (O the Folly of the *Gallic* Race!)
No Princely Nymph does here our Rites embrace.
With Thee, VALOIS, all Female Wit is fled,
With Thee is every Grace and Beauty dead.

No more *Fine Arts* are of this Country's Growth
With Modern Ladies, ſo ſupine in Sloth.
The MIND lies fallow, and none care to toil
In the good Ground, and ſow the noble Soil.

But if we bend far Northward, to behold
A People, horrid with the *Arctic* Cold,
There does CHRISTINA, Queen of *Vandals* reign,
And kindly welcomes the *Pierian* Train.
From Southern Climes the ſlighted Muſes flown,
Find ſafe Protection in the *Frigid Zone*.
She peaceful Arts with Arms delights to joyn,
And with Her Father's Laurels mingle Mine.
Who can the Counſels of the Gods relate,
And dark Deſigns of Providence and Fate?
The *Goths*, a Nation barbarous and rude,
An ignorant, unletter'd Multitude,

Who

Who o'er the World once, like a Deluge, broke,
And chain'd the *Roman* Empire to their Yoke.
When trampled Arts did every where expire,
Spoils of the greedy Sword, or raging Fire;
Have loſt their rugged and uncourtly Mien,
Fil'd into Smoothneſs by ſo wiſe a Queen.
And amply *now* to Learning have repaid
For the wide Wounds their bloody Fathers made.

Ye *Gallic* Matrons, if you ſcorn to know
The Pleaſures, which from poliſh'd Letters flow:
If you delight not to inform your Soul,
At leaſt preſerve your Body chaſte, and whole,
Whether the Loom you for Employment chuſe,
Or elſe the Diſtaff, or the Needle uſe,
Let Virtue be the Buſineſs of your Life,
And take Example by a *Sabine* Wife.

Who is not ſhock'd to ſee the beauteous Fair,
With Looks obſcene, and Meretricious Air?
LAIS and FLORA modeſt Swains deſpiſe,
Their wanton Words, lewd Smiles, and ſwimming Eyes;
And all the Tricks, by which looſe Nymphs diſgrace
The chaſter Honours of the Female Race.
By no ſuch Charms did PSYCHE from above
Allure and captivate the God of Love.
By graceful Innocence alone ſhe won
The melting Heart of CYTHEREA's Son;
A Beam from her Etherial Virtue came,
And lighted up the pure, the Virgin-Flame.

She ſaid, and ſtrait ſhe vaniſh'd into Air,
And me ſurrender'd up to gloomy Care.
Confounded at her ſudden Flight I ſpoke,
And into theſe deſpairing Raptures broke:

'O

O Goddeſs, could my Voice or Reaſon ſway
So far upon Thee, to demand thy Stay!
In Words and Numbers never heard before,
I would Thy Preſence once again implore:
Thou ſhouldſt inſtruct me, and inſpire my Song,
To tell what Arts to Government belong:
What Qualities a Hero moſt adorn,
What Virtues ſuit a Mind to Scepters born;
Theſe wou'd the Heavenly Youth deſcend to hear,
Whoſe Kingly Hands now move the *Gallic* Sphere.
At whoſe Paternal Throne his People bow,
And whom before they lov'd, they worſhip now.
Should I purſue my Labour, and rehearſe
Thy ſacred Dictates in well-poliſh'd Verſe;
Should I to Him thy pleaſing Offerings bring,
A Preſent worthy ſo Divine a King;

Should

Should I declare the Methods to maintain
His Subject's Love, the *Manna* of his Reign:
He would, perhaps, with willing Ears attend,
Approve my Duty, and the *Muſe* commend.

But what Imprudence does our Mind confound?
How can a Prince, whom claſhing Arms ſurround,
Whom Wars loud Muſic ſtuns with rattling Noiſe,
Hear the ſoft Lute, and CLIO's gentle Voice?

Prime Miniſters unlearned Kings miſguide,
Who have nor Senſe nor Courage on their Side:
By Guilt they govern the deluded Throne,
And ſacrifice all Realms to ſave their Own.

For while at *All* th' unbridled *Spaniard* aims,
And *Europe*'s Univerſal Empire claims;

Who

Who raviſhes the World with eager Luſt,
Stung with Ambition's unextinguiſh'd Thirſt.
Contending Monarchs nothing can diſſuade
From carrying on BELLONA's bloody Trade.
The quiver'd God of Light no longer ſings,
But twangs his Silver Bow, his Harp unſtrings.
Farewell, my Muſe! do Thou no more inſpire
My fainting Breaſt, but let thy Flames expire
In languid Embers; and lay down thy Lyre.

Perhaps, when Fate, which *Gallia*'s Peace debars,
And hides in Miſts the Darling of the Stars,
LEWIS, the choiceſt Gift from Heaven above,
The Wonder of this Age, and Fortune's Love,
Shall chaſe the Darkneſs of opprobrious Night,
Then ſhall He Foreign Aid and Luſtre ſlight,
And ſhine HIMSELF, with Beams of inborn Glory bright.

So frequent Fogs the Face of TITAN ſhroud,
Veil'd with thick Air, or mantled in a Cloud.
Till breaking through the Vapours of the Night
He ſhoots his Beams abroad, a Flood of Light.
To Heaven and Earth he vindicates his Sway
And Abſolute Prerogative of Day.

The Time will come (nor may the Fates incline
To draw a wicked Length the Silver Twine!
When, vainly practis'd in the Sports of War,
Spain, weary'd out with Hatred, ſhall give o'er,
And Wrath, and Blood, and Strife be ſeen no more.
Then proud *Heſperia*, from her Dangers wiſe,
Turns all her Counſels, and with asking Eyes
For PEACE to *Gallia*'s pious Hero flies.

Who

Who takes the ſuppliant Nation to his Arms,
Grants their Requeſt, and with his Goodneſs charms.
Hence muttering Drums, and murd'ring Cannons ceaſe,
And the calm World is lull'd in ſoothing Peace.
War, *Envy*, and *Ambition's* haughty Train
Bound, with a ſullen Pride, and ſtern Diſdain,
Growl on their hundred Knots, and bite the brazen Chain.
While LEWIS with Angelic Smile looks down
On the tame Horrour of each idle Frown.
See where he comes! in God-like Beauty new,
And *Olive* crowns the Brows, where *Laurel* grew.
With ſmiling Air, and condeſcending Grace
He meets advancing the *Caſtalian* Race.
And to the *Louvre* and *Verſailes* admits
The Sacred Poets, and Cœleſtial Wits.

Whoſe lofty Songs ſhall ſtrike the liſtning Sky,
Round the charm'd Court the Melody ſhall fly,
And *Eccho* in Harmonious Raptures die.

The Muse tranſported in *Mæonian* Verſe
Shall War's foul Cauſes and Beginnings curſe.
Which twice ten Years has delug'd out a Flood
Of Crimſon Dye, and mingled Blood with Blood.
While ſtiff in Steel, for many dire Campaigns,
The *French* and *Spaniard* battled on the Plains.
What numerous Navies with encountring Trees
Have planted the wide Wilderneſs of Seas!
What Fleets were loſt! what Towns in Aſhes laid!
How on each ſide inconſtant Fortune play'd,
With all the various Chance of Wars ſeverer Trade.
Then, as to Pity, Grief or Rage ſucceeds,
And in the Song the warlike Hero bleeds,

The frighted Nymph dies at the horrid Sounds
Of fancied Groans, and ſight of abſent Wounds.

Then ſhall EUTERPE ſtrike the peaceful Shell;
And Triumphs in alluring Numbers tell:
Triumphs, which more than Victories will pleaſe,
Of Learned Leiſure, and improving Eaſe.
In various Verſe ſhall various Pleaſures ſhow,
And make dull Life worth living for below.
Plump BACCHUS, and the Patroneſs of Corn
Shall with full Caniſters the Feaſt adorn.
The generous Grape and golden Grain ſhall pour,
And rain promiſcuous Fruits, a plenteous Shower.
Chiefly the turgid and luxuriant Vine
On laughing Hills ſhall wantonly recline.
Then ſhall in Matrimonial League be ty'd
The loving *Bridegroom* and the longing *Bride*,

In

In lawful Kiſſes their ſweet Hours employ,
And court the Combat of the *Cyprian* Joy.
And, for their beauteous Child; with grateful Tongue
Shall bleſs the MUSE, who ſo divinely ſung.

SO when Great JOVE did with the Gyants Fight,
To Heaven aſſerting his undoubted Right,
CÆUS and Vaſt ENCELADUS he ſlew,
With Lightning findg'd the Bold conſpiring Crew,
And lodg'd them in the Mountains, which they threw.
In *Ætna*'s Caves, a Sacrifice to Pride,
They breed new Earthquakes, as they ſhift their ſide.
Then the fair Siſters of th' *Monian* Throng
Met the Victorious *God* with lofty Song.
Curſt the Rebellion of Earth's impious Race,
Who durſt with JOVE diſpute ſuperiour Place.

Peals

Peals of Applauſe thro' the bright Palace rung,
And the charm'd *Stars* danc'd, as the *Muſes* ſung.
Gods were with *Gods* in ſtrict Embraces bound,
Full Bowls of Nectar walk'd the pleaſing Round,
And Mirth, and Joy, and Peace ſincere, the Heavenly Banquet crown'd.

FINIS.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

EUDOXUS.

Suppos'd to be written about the Year 1646.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year M DCC XII.

AN EPISTLE TO *EUDOXUS.*

Our AUTHOR *wrote this about Ten Years ago *, and inſcrib'd it to a* COURTIER, *whom he induſtriouſly conceals under a fictitious Name.*

LONG have I ask'd of my unfriendly Fate,
A private Living with a ſmall Eſtate,
Far from the ſplendid Tumults of the Great.

* *This Piece was Printed in the Year* 1656.

But me, alas! th' imagin'd Pleaſure flies,
And ſome unkinder Deity denies
To my importune Pray'rs the courted Prize.
Since then, *EUDOXUS*, Fortune has declin'd
To grant theſe Favours to my longing Mind;
Since then the Muſe delights in eaſy Strain
To ſing the Bleſſings, which ſhe can't obtain;
What can you hope? Or what can ſhe beſtow
In humble Rhymes, like her Condition, low?

Me neither Heaps of golden Treaſure move,
Nor the ſweet Poiſon of inchanting Love.
Unwilling and unskilful to ſuſtain
The Cares of State, and Honour's glitt'ring Pain.
None but Your Self can, like a Pilot, ſteer
The Nation's Veſſel, but with anxious Fear.
A thouſand Troubles your Delights deſtroy,
And rob you of that Reſt, which Swains enjoy.

The

The *Dutch* at laſt, as runs a feint Report,
Have juſt concluded with the *Spaniſh* Court
A Peace ſo oft refus'd; and now intrigue
To break with *France*, their long-eſtabliſh'd League.
Auſtrians have brib'd the *Boian* to her Side,
And in that falſe ungrateful Duke confide:
Nor has their ancient Faith the *Germans* ty'd.
Diſpleaſing News! nor has our Fleet been more
Crown'd with Succeſſes, nigh the *Tuſcan* Shore.
But by her quick Return, without Renown,
Has freed from a long Siege a paltry Town,
This galls your Heart, this does your Pleaſures drown.
If a Chance-Ball a hopeful Youth deſtroy,
His Father's Comfort, and his Mother's Joy,
The giddy Rout unanimous exclaim
On impious Wars, and ſtern *Gradivus* blame.

Diſtracted

Diſtracted thro' the mutt'ring Streets they run,
And load with many a Curſe the guiltleſs Throne;
But chiefly Him, who ſitting at the Helm,
Adviſes Taxes, and confounds the Realm.
All in this Cry agree, and jointly ſwear,
They cannot, nay, they will no longer bear
The Charges of a tedious, bloody War.
Hence Fears and Horrors in the Stateſman's Soul,
Hence the *Militia*'s rais'd, and *Guards* patroul;
Leſt mad Sedition, with her lighted Brand,
Should kindle to a Flame the murm'ring Land.
Why ſhould I mention Envy's various Arts?
By what ſiniſter Fraud ſhe ſtrikes at Hearts?
By Stabs or Poiſons brings a Monarch's Fate,
And rids him of a Kingdom's pond'rous Weight.
Deluded Man! who, by a ſilken Thread,
Sees the drawn Sword impending o'er his Head;

Who leaps the Precipice he ought to ſhun,
Induſtrious to be wretched and undone.

How much more ſweet, and worth our conſtant Pray'r,
A Mind unſhaken by the Storms of Care!
Which can a Vain and empty World deſpiſe,
And with an upward Flight affect the Skies;
Which the gay Trappings of the Great contemns,
Their ſounding Titles, and their ſhining Gems,
Diſcharg'd of all which Happineſs debars,
She plants her Converſation in the Stars;
Looks on the Clouds and lower Earth with Scorn,
And ſeeks that Country, where ſhe firſt was born.
Soon as the Eaſtern Sun begins to gleam,
And ſprinkles from above a roſie Beam,
She leaves her Priſon of inferiour Clay,
And ſprings with Freedom to a better Day,

The

The Father of the Gods and Men adores,
And pureſt Off'rings on his Altar pours;
Then our Religion's Myſteries recounts,
Dwells on our FAITH, which ſhallow Senſe ſurmounts;
On fallen Man reſtor'd to heav'nly Bliſs!
Unfathom'd Love! deep, wond'rous deep Abyſs!

Then, launching out, the penetrating Soul,
Travels with winged Thought from Pole to Pole;
Surveys Earth's Fabric, exquiſitely Fair,
Which rowl'd from Nothing, and is hing'd on Air.
How the contending Elements renew
Perpetual Quarrels, and their Courſe purſue.
How Stars, diſtinguiſh'd o'er th' Etherial Space,
Shed their auſpicious Beams on Human Race.
How Times and Seaſons by juſt Turns ſucceed;
How Earth, impregnate with a Vernal Breed,

Shoots

Shoots Violets and Roſes from her Womb,
Whoſe od'rous Sweets the fanning Air perfume.
How CERES, golden by APOLLO's Rays,
His Kindneſs with a yellow Year repays.
How plump POMONA does in Summer ſhoot,
And knots her ripening Bloſſoms into Fruit.
How BACCHUS, from Autumnal Grapes expreſt,
Makes with *Nectarean* Juice the Vintage bleſt.
Rich, florid Wine, which mingling in the Blood
The Heart inlarges, with a generous Flood;
Chears our dull Life, and noble Thoughts inſpires;
Nor asks the Poet for PHÆBEAN Fires,
Whoſe Brain with this enlivening Liquor glows,
Tho' the keen Breath of freezing BOREAS blows,
And warms the ſeeded Ground with wintry Snows.

Nor is the Soul unactive, or ſupine;
But ſees the radiant Beam of Thought Divine,
As MOSES did of old, in budding Buſhes ſhine.
Each Herb and Tree does Heavenly Knowledge give,
And every growing thing's *Demonſtrative:*
By turns they Periſh, and by turns they Live.
Such ſhall they be; till, when Times's Sand is *run*,
All Worlds ſhall in their own Materials burn,
And to Their *empty Origin* return.

Nor does the Mind on theſe alone revolve,
But, wand'ring far, improves her grand Reſolve.
She makes her Voyage o'er the liquid World,
Where Winds have bluſter'd, and the Billows curl'd.
She views the numerous Nations of the Deep,
Where vaſt *Leviathans* their Empire keep.

In

In Air and Land, with ſwift, admiring Eyes,
Or painted Birds, or ſhaggy Monſters ſpies,
Or frightful *Behemoth*'s prodigious Size.
And chiefly MAN, who o'er Earth, Air, and Main
Extends his wide and undiſputed Reign.
What Theme more noble can our Thoughts employ?
How can we better Reaſon's Strength enjoy?
If by Reflection, her unerring Ray
Our guilty ſelves within our ſelves diſplay.
If her brave Valour, like her Birth, ſublime,
Break thro' the double Ranks of Vice, and Crime.
For where's our Dignity of Nature ſhown,
If we, ſo fear'd in Sin, ſo callous grown,
Tame others Paſſions, and Careſs our own?
How weak that Monarch, who with Sovereign Sway
Commands, nor follows the directed Way,
But teaches all his Slaves to diſobey?

How can Phyſicians a Contagion heal,
Who labour with the ſame infectious Ill?
I, whoſe laſt Scene of Life has long declin'd,
Oppreſt in Body, but confirm'd in Mind;
From jutting Rocks, and from invidious Sand,
Reclining on the Beach, and welcome Strand,
Bleſs my Eſcape, and re-ſalute the Land.

The fatal Proſpect I remember yet,
Nor my paſt Dangers can ſo ſoon forget;
Nor thoſe diſorder'd Torrents, which oppreſt
My ſwelling Heart, and labour'd in my Breaſt.
When with fantaſtic Pleaſure's gay Pretence
My tender Reaſon was ſubdu'd by Senſe:
When my warm wanton Youth, which ſcorn'd a Guide,
Was hurry'd downward by th' impetuous Tide,

When

When ſanguin in my Hopes, and fondly vain,
I launch'd my ſlender Veſſel on the Main:
Studious of Honour, and, affecting Fame,
An Enemy to Life without a Name,
With hot Purſuit I panted to be Great,
And manage dark Intrigues of Court and State.
But ſince ripe Years, and Times more fit for Thought,
Have my wild Senſes to cool Judgment brought;
Since Age has conquer'd my unruly Heat,
I ſeek a Learned Eaſe, and Wiſe Retreat.

Thrice Happy They! who in Retirement find
The ſweeteſt Joys of an ingenuous Mind.
Whoſe Barks have ſcap'd the Shipwracks of a Court,
And ride at Anchor in a quiet Port.

Yet think me not ſo ſtupid to commend
A lazy Leiſure to an active Friend.

Nor

Nor am I of that Philoſophic Herd
Which a dull Sloth, and Solitude prefer'd;
But fruitful Fields, and ſteepy Hills allow
To thoſe, who prune the Vine, and guide the Plough.
Some Nature faſhion'd of a better Clay,
For high Employments, and ſuperiour Sway;
A Genius, form'd to hold a Kingdom's Reins,
Should ſlight the loytering Life of idle Swains.
DAMON may tend his Flocks, his Cattle feed,
And warble AMARYLLIS on his Reed.
But His large Soul, which, like the common Air,
The World demands, and all Mankind ſhould ſhare,
Th' alluring *Syrens* of ſoft Eaſe ſhould ſcorn,
Not for Himſelf, but for his Country Born.
O FRANCE! what Trophies had you never won!
What Cities, Kingdoms, never call'd your own!
What People never had your Laws obey'd,
Had Heaven, and MAZARINE deny'd their Aid!

O JULIUS, Glory of *Auſtria*'s State,
Thou ruling Engine of auſpicious Fate!
Thou with a ſtrong Maturity of Soul
Doſt curb the *Spaniard*, and his Heat controul.
Powerful alike to Conquer, and to Free,
And ROME's *Cæſarean* Genius reigns in Thee.

But few are favour'd with the Smiles of JOVE,
Who can the whirling Orb of Empire move.
None but an ATLAS can be found to bear
The ponderous Heavens, and ſhoulder up the Sphere.
None but ALCIDES can oppoſe his Breaſt
To cope with Tyrants, who the World infeſt.

Mean time the Man, to whom the MUSE is kind,
And breathes *Ambroſia* on his ſacred Mind,
Who with chaſte Love the peaceful Paths purſues,
Of Virtue, and imbibes *Caſtalian* Dews,

Laughs

Laughs with a ſcornful Pleaſure at the Rage
And the vain Labours of a Frantic Age;
Viſits *Aonian* Mountains in his Flight,
And with his Song ſurmounts their ſtarry Height.
Whoſe double Tops perpetual Laurels bear,
Which none but Poets, and their Heroes wear;
Which ſhall their Brows eternally adorn,
And hand their mingled Fame to Worlds unborn.

To theſe thy uſual, ſprinkling Dew impart,
And nurſe the Darlings grafted in thy Heart.
This, O EUDOXUS, every MUSE deſires,
This PHÆBUS, Father of the MUSE, requires,
And this the *Virtue* which thy Breaſt inſpires.

A

Panegyrical Elegy

On the DEATH of

GASSENDUS,

The Celebrated

Aſtronomer and *Philoſopher.*

INSCRIB'D to the

Reverend Mr. *Flamſteed,*

OF

GREENWICH.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year MDCCXII.

TO

Mr. FLAMSTEED.

SIR,

I Here present You with a POEM *on a Gentleman, whose Name is no Stranger to You. It was written about threescore Years ago, by one of the Best French Poets then living. The Character of* GASSENDUS, *as here describ'd, is so exactly Your own, that I thought my self oblig'd in Justice to Inscribe the following Lines to Your* NAME, *which will be as much Admir'd by the discerning part of the Next Age, as it is Envy'd by the Malicious of This.*

I am, SIR,

Your Most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

Samuel Cobb.

MORRERY's
Account of *GASSENDUS.*

GASSENDUS (PETER) *of* Digne *in* Provence, *D. D. one of the greateſt Ornaments of* France, *was Born* Anno 1592. *and Died* 1655. *leaving behind him Three Volumes of* EPICURUS's *Philoſophy: Six others, containing his own Philoſophy, his Aſtronamical Works, with the Lives of* EPICURUS, COPERNICUS, TYCHO-BRAHE, REGIOMONTANUS, PEIRESKIUS, *with Epiſtles, &c. All the Learned Men of his Time had a Great Eſteem for him, and ſought his Acquaintance, eſpecially* SAMMARTHANUS, VOSSIUS, HOBBES, MAGNANUS, MERSENNUS, *and the Cardinal of* Lyons, *who procur'd him a Chair of Royal Profeſſor of Mathematicks,* Anno 1645.

On

On the DEATH of

GASSENDUS.

YE Nymphs, reſiding by *Aonian* Springs,
To mournful Notes now tune your gladſom Strings,
And Thou, URANIA, Faireſt of the Nine,
Partner of Grief, in the ſad Conſort joyn.
Heav'ns vaulted Roof with endleſs Clamour rend,
And all Thy *Helicon* in Tears expend.
Knock on thy Breaſt, and the big Loſs deplore,
Thy Lover's dead: GASSENDUS is no more.
Thee, Thee alone, GASSENDUS once careſt
With faithful Love, and claſp'd Thee to his Breaſt.

For

For Thee he open'd his deſiring Arms,
Rewarded amply with Thy deareſt Charms.
Oh! how he courted his alluring Muſe,
When watry Clouds diſtill'd Nocturnal Dews!
With watchful Look familiar to behold
The Skies, diſtinguiſh'd with Sydereal Gold.
Thee, Goddeſs, on *Parnaſſian* Hills he ſought,
And with each rough, inclement Seaſon fought.
The freezing Moons were oft amaz'd to ſee
Their Winter ſlighted by his Flames for Thee.
And when the Summer Sun began to beat,
Thy cooling Breath temper'd his glowing Heat.
And when worn Nature longer Help deny'd,
In thy Embraces the lov'd Martyr dy'd.
For, while he ſearches the hid Cauſe of things,
From whence the conſtant Revolution ſprings
Which turns the World: while, penetrating far,
His curious Mind examines every Star:

While

While he rowls o'er the Volumes of the Skies,
Conſum'd in the Divine Exceſs he dies.
His Soul, diſdaining this ignoble Earth,
In yon bright Heav'n renews her ſecond Birth.
While Thee, fair Muſe, he Courts with Am'rous Fires,
Thy dear GASSENDUS in the Flame expires.
But why, *Caſtalian* Nymph, ſhould I accuſe,
Or Thee with plaining Elegies abuſe?
Since the Creating Breath demands his Own,
We muſt ſurrender, and reſign the Loan:
He ſnatch'd GASSENDUS from our longing Eyes,
Who now with nigher View ſurveys the Skies.
He ſees from what Eternal Fountain flow
The Things and Cauſes which he ſought below.
The lucid Orbs beholds with wondring Thought,
Fill'd with the Knowledge of that Art he taught.

Who

Who more deſerving of that bliſsful Place,
To feaſt with Saints, and the Seraphic Race?
If poor, imperfect *Man* can lay pretence
To Merit, or by Piety, or Senſe,
None more intitled, by a Knowledge joyn'd
With an unblemiſh'd Singleneſs of Mind.
When e'er to Heaven he made his chaſte Addreſs,
'Twas all a decent, manly Holineſs:
Sober, well-temper'd, humble and ſincere,
Nor ſtain'd by ſelfiſh Pride, nor aw'd by Fear.

Tho' to the utmoſt Earth his Fame was known,
Where Seas have murmur'd, or where Stars have ſhone;
Tho' thro' the *Zones* his Name diffuſive run,
Both with the riſing, and declining *Sun*;

Yet,

Yet, with a Bluſh, he heard the praiſing Crowd,
When every Tongue, except his Own, was loud.
A learned Leiſure with his Muſe he join'd,
And True Religion center'd in his Mind.
A little, but a competent Eſtate
Was all he wiſh'd, but with that all was Great.
I know, (for Envy's never heard to ſpare
The Good, the Wiſe, the Virtuous and the Fair)
How a vile * Wretch againſt the Torrent ſtrove,
Croak'd, like a Raven, at the Bird of JOVE.
But none are Loſers by that Poet's Spleen,
Harmleſs his Malice, and his Numbers mean.
Let him write on, and with his filthy ſtyle
Debauch the Paper, and whole Reams defile.
'Tis gilding Dirt to anſwer ſuch a Tool,
No SOCRATES would e're indict a Fool.

* *A* French *Poet, whom* Quillet *calls by the Name of* Bavius, *had abus'd* Gaſſendus.

GASSENDUS pardon'd the reviling Slave,
Who could not rail more faſt, than He forgave.
The Goodneſs of his Nature would commend
True Merit, in a Foe, as well as Friend.
But chiefly car'd to do the Learned Right,
His darling Labour, and his beſt Delight.
PEIRESKIUS, Glory of *Narbonian* VAR,
And TYCHO, *Denmark*'s moſt illuſtrious Star.
PURBACH, and fam'd COPERNICUS, who *found*
The Motion of the Earths revolving Round.
And Thou, who from a * Royal Mount they call,
All glorious Souls, URANIA's Lovers All,
Be witneſs, how your Excellencies ſhone
More lively in His Writings, than Your Own.
Bleſt Souls! tho' Victims to impartial Death,
In his Immortal Leaves again you breath.

* Regiomontanus.

While

While We, who once the Living Hero knew,
Repay to him, what he has paid to you.
Each pious Muſe ſhall to his *Manes* ſing,
And from his Tomb ſhall flowry Harveſts ſpring.

But O MONMOUR! Thou, whoſe endearing Love
Cheriſh'd the Soul, which rules a Star above,
Picture of all His Virtues! for we ſee
A new GASSENDUS flouriſhing in Thee.
Since at Thy Roof he took his lateſt Reſt,
Which long had welcom'd the Cæleſtial Gueſt;
Impart thoſe Volumes to Thy Charge conſign'd,
Nor lock thoſe precious Treaſures of his Mind.
The Wiſe for ſuch unvalu'd Jewels wait,
Which only can repair a Loſs ſo great.
So will the World be thankful, and expire
To Thee indebted at its Funeral Fire.
So with GASSENDUS ſhall Thy deathleſs Name

Be Partner of an everlaſting Fame,
So ſhall Poſterity applaud thy Care,
And pay Joynt Offerings to the Sacred Pair.

And Thou, O CHAPELAIN, the ſurviving part
Of Thy GASSENDUS and his other Heart!
Thou whom APOLLO and the Nine inſpire,
Immortal Glory of the tuneful Quire!
Pay the laſt Debt of Friendſhip to his Herſe,
In flowing Tears, and never-dying Verſe.
From Me, too late an Object of his Love,
Some Angel ſnatch'd him to the Spheres above.
Yet on his Aſhes I theſe Tears beſtow,
And in officious Strains expreſs my Woe.

Beneath a Marble Stone, which ſeems to weep,
The mortal Relicks of GASSENDUS ſleep.

His *Soul*, which once from Earth did Heav'n deſcry,
Now *Earth* deſpiſes from her Parent Sky.

Believe Me, FLAMSTEED, 'tis the Heart that ſpeaks,
And willingly in thankful Numbers breaks,
GASSENDUS now the verdant Bays declines,
And all his Laurels to Thy Brows reſigns.
In *France* Our EDWARDS play'd the Heroes part,
But Thine are Triumphs of a Nobler Art.
My honeſt Muſe no ſelfiſh Ends betrays,
She ſcorns to Flatter, but is proud to Praiſe.
And were her Strength proportion'd to her Will,
No Worlds ſhould be a Stranger to Thy Skill.
The Spangled Globe ſhould Thy Deſerts proclaim,
And *Stars* unknown ſhould riſe to ſing Thy *Name*.

F I N I S.

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PARIS, 1656.

Sign'd

NOBLET.

This Edition was finiſh'd the 24*th* of *April*, 1656.

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